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THE LIFE OF BARON TRENCK.


BRITISH MUSEUM
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JUN

THE

LIFE

OF

Baron Frederic Trenck;

CONTAINING

HIS ADVENTURES;

HIS CRUEL AND EXCESSIVE SUFFERINGS, DURING TEN YEARS IMPRISONMENT, AT THE FORTRESS OF MAGDEBURG, BY COMMAND OF THE LATE

KING OF PRUSSIA;

ALSO,

ANECDOTES,

HISTORICAL, POLITICAL, AND PERSONAL.

Translated from the German,

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

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THE

LIFE

OF

BARON TRENCK.

MY dungeon was in a caſemate, the fore part of which, ſix feet wide, and ten feet long, was divided by a party wall. In the inner wall were two doors, and a third at the entrance of the caſemate itſelf. The window, in the ſeven feet thick wall, was ſo ſituated that, though I had light, I could ſee nei-

ther heaven nor earth; I could only ſee the roof of the magazine; within and without this window were iron bars, and in the ſpace between an iron grating, ſo cloſe, and ſo ſituated, by the riſing of the walls, that it was impoſſible I ſhould ſee any perſon without the priſon, or that any perſon ſhould ſee me. On the outſide was a wooden paliſadoe, ſix feet from the wall, by which the centinels were prevented from conveying any thing to me. I had a matraſs, and a bedſtead, but which was immoveably ironed to the floor, ſo that it was impoſſible I ſhould drag it, and ſtand up to the window; beſide the door was a ſmall iron ſtove and a night table, in like manner fixed to the floor. I was not yet put in irons, and my allowance was a pound and a half per day of ammunition bread, and a jug of water.

From

From my youth I had always had a good appetite, and my bread was ſo mouldy I could ſcarcely at firſt eat the half of it. This was the conſequence of Major Rieding's avarice, who endeavoured to profit even by this, ſo great was the number of unfortunate priſoners; therefore, it is impoſſible I ſhould deſcribe to my readers the exceſs of tortures that, during eleven months, I felt from ravenous hunger. I could, eaſily, every day have devoured ſix pounds of bread; and every twenty-four hours after having received, and ſwallowed, my ſmall portion, I continued as hungry as before I began, yet muſt wait another twenty-four hours for a new morſel. How willingly would I have ſigned a bill of exchange for a thouſand ducats, on my property at Vienna, only to have ſatiated my hunger on dry bread! For, ſo extreme

was it, that, ſcarcely had I dropt into a ſweet ſleep, before I dreamed I was feaſting at ſome table, luxuriouſly loaded, where, eating like a glutton, the whole company were aſtoniſhed to ſee me, while my imagination was heated by the ſenſation of famine. Awakened by the pains of hunger, the diſhes vaniſhed, and nothing remained but the reality of my diſtreſs; the cravings of nature were but inflamed, my tortures prevented ſleep, and, looking into futurity, the cruelty of my fate ſuffered, if poſſible, increaſe, from imagining that the prolongation of pangs like theſe was inſupportable. God preſerve every honeſt man from ſufferings like mine! They were not to be endured by the villain moſt obſtinate. Many have faſted three days, many have ſuffered want for a week, or more, but, certainly, no one, beſides

ſides myſelf, ever endured it in the ſame exceſs for eleven months. Some have ſuppoſed that to eat little might become habitual, but I have experienced the contrary. My hunger increaſed every day, and, of all the trials of fortitude my whole life has afforded, this, of eleven months, was the moſt bitter.

Petitions, remonſtrances, were of no avail; the anſwer was — "We muſt "give no more, ſuch is the king's "command." The Governor General Borck, born the enemy of man, replied, when I entreated, at leaſt, to have my fill of bread, "You have "feaſted often enough out of the "ſervice of plate taken from the "king, by Trenck, at the battle "of Sorau; you muſt now eat "ammunition bread in your dirty "kennel. Your Empreſs makes no "allowance for your maintenance,

"and you are unworthy of the bread "you eat, or the trouble taken "about you." Judge, reader, what pangs ſuch inſolence, added to ſuch ſufferings, muſt inflict. Judge what were my thoughts, foreſeeing, as I did, an endleſs duration to this impriſonment, and theſe torments.

My three doors were kept ever ſhut, and I was left to ſuch meditations as ſuch feelings, and ſuch hopes, might inſpire. Daily, about noon, once in twenty four hours, my pittance of bread and water was brought. The keys of all the doors were kept by the governor; the inner door was not opened, but my bread and water were delivered through an aperture. The priſon doors were opened only once a week, on a Wedneſday, when the governor, and town major, my hole having been firſt cleaned, paid their viſit.

Having

Having remained thus two months, and obſerved this method was invariable, I began to execute a project I had formed, of the poſſibility of which I was convinced.

Where the night-table and ſtove ſtood the floor was bricked, and this paving extended to the wall that ſeparated my caſemate from the adjoining one, in which was no priſoner. My window was only guarded by a ſingle centinel; I, therefore, ſoon found, among thoſe who ſucceſſively relieved guard, two kind-hearted fellows, who deſcribed to me the ſituation of my priſon; hence I perceived I might effect my eſcape, could I but penetrate into the adjoining caſemate, the door of which was not ſhut. Provided I had a friend, and a boat waiting for me at the Elbe, or could I ſwim acroſs

that river, the confines of Saxony were but a mile diſtant.

To deſcribe my plan, at length, would lead to prolixity, yet, I muſt enumerate ſome of its circumſtances, as it was remarkably intricate, and of gigantic labour.

I worked through the iron, eighteen inches long, by which the night-table was faſtened, and broke off the clinchings of the nails, but preſerved their heads, that I might put them again in their places, and all might appear ſecure to my weekly viſitors. This procured me tools to raiſe up the brick floor, under which I found earth. My firſt attempt was to work a hole through the wall, ſeven feet thick, behind, and concealed by, the night-table. The firſt layer was of brick. I afterwards came to large hewn ſtones. I endeavoured, accurately,

rately, to number and remember the bricks, both of the flooring and the wall, ſo that I might replace them, and all might appear ſafe. This having accompliſhed, I proceeded.

The day preceding viſitation all was carefully replaced, and the intervening mortar as carefully preſerved; the whole had, probably, been white-waſhed a hundred times; and, that I might fill up all remaining interſtices, I pounded the white ſtuff this afforded, wetted it, made a bruſh of my hair, then applied this plaiſter, waſhed it over, that the colour might be uniform, and, afterward, ſtripped myſelf, and ſat, with my naked body againſt the place, by the heat of which it was dried.

While labouring, I placed the ſtones and bricks upon my bedſtead, and, had they taken the precaution to come at any other time in the

week, the ſtated Wedneſday excepted, I had, inevitably, been diſcovered; but, as no ſuch ill accident befel me, in ſix months my Herculean labours gave me a proſpect of ſucceſs.

Means were to be found to remove the rubbiſh from my priſon; all of which, in a wall ſo thick, it was impoſſible to replace: mortar and ſtone could not be removed. I, therefore, took the earth, ſcattered it about my chamber, and ground it under my feet the whole day, till I had reduced it to duſt; this duſt I ſtrewed in the aperture of my window, making uſe of the looſened night-table to ſtand upon. I tied ſplinters from my bedſtead together, with the ravelled yarn of an old ſtocking, and to this affixed a tuft of my hair. I worked a large hole under the middle grating, which could not be ſeen when ſtanding on the

the ground, and through this I puſhed my duſt with the tool I had prepared to the outer window, then, waiting till the wind ſhould happen to riſe, during the night I bruſhed it away, it was blown off, and no appearance remained on the outſide. By this ſingle expedient I rid myſelf of, at leaſt, three hundred weight of earth, and thus made room to continue my labours: yet, this being ſtill inſufficient, I had recourſe to another artifice, which was, to knead up the earth in the form of ſauſages, to reſemble the human fæces: theſe I dried, and, when the priſoner came to clean my dungeon, haſtily toſſed them into the night-table, and thus diſencumbered myſelf of a pound or two more of earth each week. I, further, made little balls, and, when the centinel was walking, blew them, through a paper tube, out of

the window. Into the empty ſpace I put my mortar and ſtones, and worked on ſucceſsfully.

I cannot, however, deſcribe my difficulties, after having penetrated about two feet into the hewn ſtone. My tools were the irons I had dug out, which faſtened my bedſtead and night-table. A compaſſionate ſoldier, alſo, gave me an old iron ramrod, and a ſoldier's ſheath-knife, which did me excellent ſervice, more eſpecially, the latter, as I ſhall, preſently, more fully ſhew. With theſe, too, I cut ſplinters from my bedſtead, which aided me to pick the mortar from the interſtices of the ſtone: yet the labour of penetrating through this ſeven-feet wall was incredible: the building was ancient, and the mortar, occaſionally, quite petrified, ſo that the whole ſtone was obliged to be reduced to duſt. After continu-

ing

ing my work, unremittingly, for ſix months, I, at length, approached the accompliſhment of my hopes, as I knew, by coming to the facing of brick, which, now, was only between me and the adjoining caſemate.

Meantime I found opportunity to ſpeak to ſome of the centinels, among whom was an old grenadier called Gefhardt, whom I here name, becauſe he diſplayed qualities of the greateſt, and moſt noble, kind. From him I learned the preciſe ſituation of my priſon, and every circumſtance that might beſt conduce to my eſcape.

Nothing was wanting but money to buy a boat, and, croſſing the Elbe with Gefhardt, to take refuge in Saxony. By Gefhardt's means I became acquainted with a kind-hearted girl, a Jeweſs, and a native

of

of Deſſau, Eſther Heymannin by name, and whoſe father had been ten years in priſon. This good, compaſſionate maiden, whom I had never ſeen, won over two other grenadiers, who gave her an opportunity of ſpeaking to me every time they ſtood centinel. By tying my ſplinters together, I made a ſtick long enough to reach beyond the paliſadoes that were before my window, and thus obtained paper, another knife, and a file.

I, now, wrote to my ſiſter, the wife of the before-mentioned only ſon of General Waldow, deſcribed my ſituation, and intreated her to remit three hundred rix-dollars to the Jeweſs, hoping, by this means, I might eſcape from my priſon. I wrote another affecting letter to Count Puebla, the Auſtrian ambaſſador, at Berlin, in which was incloſed a draft,

a draft, for a thouſand florins, on my effects at Vienna, deſiring him to remit theſe to the Jeweſs, having promiſed her that ſum, as a reward for her fidelity. She was to bring the three hundred rix-dollars my ſiſter ſhould ſend to me, and take meaſures, with the grenadiers, to facilitate my flight, which nothing ſeemed able to prevent, I having the power either to break into the caſe-mate, or, aided by the grenadiers and the Jeweſs, to cut the locks from the doors, and, that way, eſcape from my dungeon. The letters were open, I being obliged to roll them round the ſtick to convey them to Eſther.

The faithful girl ſtraightway proceeded to Berlin, where ſhe arrived ſafe, and, immediately, ſpoke to Count Puebla. The Count gave her the kindeſt reception, received

the letter, with the letter of exchange, and bade her go and ſpeak to Weingarten, the ſecretary of the embaſſy, and act entirely as he ſhould direct. She was received by Weingarten in the moſt friendly manner, who, by his queſtions, drew from her the whole ſecret, and our intended plan of flight, aided by the two grenadiers, and, alſo, that ſhe had a letter for my ſiſter, which ſhe muſt carry to Hammer, near Cuſtrin. He aſked to ſee this letter, read it, told her to proceed on her journey, gave her two ducats to bear her expences, ordered her to come to him on her return, ſaid that, during this interval, he would endeavour to obtain her the thouſand florins for my draft, and would then give her further inſtructions.

Eſther, cheerfully, departed for Hammer, where my ſiſter, then a widow,

widow, and no longer, as in 1746, in dread of her huſband, joyful to hear I was ſtill living, immediately gave her the three hundred rix-dollars, exhorting her to exert every poſſible means to obtain my deliverance. Eſther haſtened back, with the letter from my ſiſter to me, to Berlin, and told all that had paſſed to Weingarten, who read the letter, and enquired the names of the two grenadiers. He told her the thouſand florins, from Vienna, were not yet come, but gave her twelve ducats, bade her haſten back to Magdeburg, to carry me all this good news, and then to return to Berlin, where he would pay her the thouſand florins. Eſther came to Magdeburg, went, immediately, to the citadel, and, moſt luckily, met the wife of one of the grenadiers, who told her that her huſband and his com-

comrade had been taken, and put in irons the day before. Eſther had quickneſs of perception, and ſuſpected we had been betrayed: ſhe, therefore, inſtantly again began her travels, and happily came ſafe to Deſſau.

Here I muſt interrupt my narrative, that I may explain this infernal enigma to my readers, an account of which I received, after I had obtained my freedom, and ſtill poſſeſs, in the hand-writing of this Jeweſs. Weingarten, as was afterwards diſcovered, was a traitor, and too much truſted by Count Puebla, he being a ſpy in the pay of Pruſſia, and who had revealed to the court of Berlin, not only the ſecrets of the Imperial embaſſy, but alſo the whole plan of the projected war. For this reaſon, he afterward, when war broke out, remained at Berlin, in the Pruſſian ſervice.

vice. His reaſon for betraying me was that he might ſecure the thouſand florins, which I had drawn for on Vienna; for the receipt of the 24th of May, 1755, atteſts that the ſum was paid, by the adminiſtrators of my effects, to Count Puebla, and has ſince been brought to account; nor can I believe that Weingarten did not appropriate this ſum to himſelf, ſince I cannot be perſuaded the ambaſſador would commit ſuch an action, although the receipt is in his hand-writing, as may eaſily be demonſtrated, it being now in my poſſeſſion. Thus did Weingarten, that he might detain a thouſand florins, with impunity, bring new evils upon me, and upon my ſiſter, which occaſioned her premature death; cauſed one grenadier to run the gauntlet, three ſucceſſive days, and another to be hung.

Eſther

Eſther alone eſcaped, and, ſince, gave me an elucidation of the whole affair. The report at Magdeburg was that a Jeweſs had obtained money from my ſiſter, and bribed two grenadiers, and that one of theſe had truſted, and been betrayed by his comrade. Indeed, what other ſtory could be told at Magdeburg, or how could it be known I had been betrayed to the Pruſſian miniſtry by the Imperial ſecretary? The truth, however, is as I have ſtated; my account book exiſts, and the Jeweſs is ſtill alive.

Her poor impriſoned father was puniſhed with more than a hundred blows, to make him declare whether his daughter had intruſted him with the plot, or if he knew whither ſhe was fled, and miſerably died in fetters. Such was the miſchief occaſioned by a raſcal! And who

might

might be blamed but the imprudent Count Puebla?

In the year 1766, the Jewes demanded of me a thouſand florins; and I wrote to Count Puebla, that, having his receipt for the ſum, which never had been repaid, I begged it might be reſtored. He received my agent with rudeneſs, returned no anſwer, and ſeemed to trouble himſelf little concerning my loſs. Whether the heirs of the count be, or be not, indebted to me theſe thouſand florins, and the intereſt, I leave the world to determine. Thrice have I been betrayed at Vienna, and ſold to Berlin, like Joſeph to the Egyptians. My hiſtory proves the origin of my misfortunes was the perſuaſion that reſidents, envoys, and ambaſſadors, muſt be men of known worth and honeſty, and not the vileſt of raſcals and miſcreants. But, alas!

the

the effects and money they have robbed me of have never been reſtored; and, for the miſeries they have brought upon me, they could not be recompenſed by the wealth of any or all the monarchs on earth. Eſtates they may, but truth they cannot, confiſcate; and of the villainy of Abramſon and Weingarten, I have documents and proofs that no court of juſtice could diſannul. — Stop, reader, if thou haſt a heart, and in that heart compaſſion! Stop, and imagine what my ſenſations are, while I remember, and recount, a part only of the injuſtice that has been done me, a part only of the tyranny I have endured! By this laſt act of treachery, of Weingarten, was I held in chains, the moſt horrible, for nine ſucceeding years! By him was an innocent man brought to the gallows! By him, too, my ſiſter, my beloved,

my

my unfortunate ſiſter, was obliged to build a dungeon for me, at her own expence! Beſide being amerced in a fine, the extent of which I never could learn. Her goods were plundered, her eſtates made a deſert, her children fell into extreme poverty, and ſhe, herſelf, expired in her thirty-third year, the victim of cruelty, perſecution, her brother's misfortunes, and the treachery of the Imperial embaſſy!

Bleſſed ſhade of a beloved ſiſter!—The ſacrifice of my adverſe and dreadful fate! Thee could I never avenge! Thee could the blood of Weingarten never appeaſe! No aſylum, however ſacred, ſhould have ſecured him, had he not ſought that laſt of aſylums for human wickedneſs and human woes, the grave! To thee do I dedicate theſe few pages, a tribute of thankfulneſs; and, if future re-

wards

wards there are, may the brighteſt of theſe rewards be thine! For us, nor for ours, may rewards be expected from monarchs who in apathy have beheld our mortal ſufferings. Reſt, noble ſoul, murdered, though thou wert, by the enemies of thy brother! Again my blood boils, again the tears roll down my cheeks, when I remember thee, thy ſufferings in my cauſe, and thy untimely end! I knew it not—I ſought to thank thee — I found thee in the grave—I would have made retribution to thy children, but unjuſt, iron-hearted princes had deprived me of the power.—Can the virtuous heart conceive affliction more cruel? My own ills I would have endured with magnanimity; but thine are wrongs I have neither the power to forget nor heal.

Enough

Enough of this. ——

The worthy Emperor, Francis I. ſhed tears, when I afterward had the honour of relating to him, in perſon, my paſt miſeries; I beheld them flow, and gratitude threw me at his feet. His emotion was ſo great, he tore himſelf away! I left the palace with all that enthuſiaſm of ſoul which ſuch a ſcene muſt inſpire.

He, probably, would have done more than pitied me, but his death ſoon followed. I relate this incident to convince poſterity Francis I. poſſeſſed a heart worthy an emperor, worthy of a man. In the knowledge I have had of monarchs, he ſtands alone. Frederic and Thereſa both died without doing me juſtice; I am now too old, too proud, have too much apathy, to expect it from their ſucceſſors. Petition I will not, knowing my rights; and

juſtice from courts of law, however evident my claims, were, in theſe courts, vain indeed to expect. — Lawyers and advocates I know but too well, and an army to ſupport my rights I have not.

What heart that can feel but will pardon me theſe digreſſions! At the exact and ſimple recital of facts like theſe, the whole man muſt be rouſed, and the philoſopher himſelf ſhudder.

Once more:—I heard nothing of what had happened for ſome days; at length, however, it was the honeſt Gefhardt's turn to mount guard; but, the poſts being doubled, and two additional grenadiers placed before my door, explanation was exceedingly difficult. He, however, in ſpite of precaution, found means to inform me what had happened to his two unfortunate comrades.

The King came to a review at Magdeburg, when he viſited the Star-Fort, and commanded a new cell to be immediately made, preſcribing himſelf the kind of irons by which I was to be ſecured. The honeſt Gefhardt heard the officer ſay this cell was meant for me; gave me notice of it, but aſſured me it could not be ready in leſs than a month. I, therefore, determined, as ſoon as poſſible, to complete my breach in the wall, and eſcape, without the aid of any one. The thing was poſſible; for I had twiſted the hair of my matraſs into a rope, which I meant to tie to a cannon, and deſcend the rampart, after which I might ſwim acroſs the Elbe, gain the Saxon frontiers, and thus ſafely eſcape.

On the 26th of May I had determined to break into the next caſe-

mate; but, when I came to work at the bricks, I found them ſo hard, and ſtrongly cemented, that I was obliged to defer the labour to the following day. I left off, weary and ſpent, at day break, and, ſhould any one enter my dungeon, they muſt infallibly diſcover the breach. How dreadful is the deſtiny by which, through life, I have been perſecuted, and which has continually plunged me headlong into calamity, when I imagined happineſs was at hand!

The 27th of May was a cruel day in the hiſtory of my life. My cell, in the Star-Fort, had been finiſhed ſooner than Gefhardt had ſuppoſed; and, at night, when I was preparing to fly, I heard a carriage ſtop before my priſon. Oh, God! what was my terror, what were the horrors of this moment of deſpair! The locks and bolts reſounded, the doors

flew

flew open, and the laſt of my poor remaining reſources was to conceal my knife. The town-major, the major of the day, and a captain entered; I ſaw them by the light of their two lanterns. The only words they ſpoke were, "dreſs yourſelf;" which was immediately done. I ſtill wore the uniform of the regiment of Cordova. Irons were given me, which I was obliged myſelf to faſten on my wriſts and ancles: the town-major tied a bandage over my eyes, and, taking me under the arm, they thus conducted me to the carriage. It was neceſſary to paſs through the city to arrive at the Star-Fort: all was ſilent, except the noiſe of the eſcort; but, when we entered Magdeburg, I heard the people running, who were crowding together, to obtain a ſight of me. Their curioſity was raiſed, by the report that

I was going to be beheaded. That I was executed, on this occaſion, in the Star-Fort, after having been conducted blind-fold through the city, has ſince been both affirmed and written, and the officers had then orders to propagate this error, that the world might remain in utter ignorance concerning me. I, indeed, knew otherwiſe, though I affected not to have this knowledge; and, as I was not gagged, I behaved as if I expected death; — reproached my conductors in language that even made them ſhudder, and painted their king in his true colours, as one who, unheard, had condemned an innocent ſubject by a deſpotic exertion of power.

My fortitude was admired, at the moment when it was ſuppoſed I thought myſelf leading to execution. No one replied, but their ſighs intimated

mated their compaſſion: certain it is, few Pruſſians willingly execute ſuch commands. The carriage, at length, ſtopped, and I was brought into my new cell. The bandage was taken from my eyes. The dungeon was lighted by a few torches. God of heaven! — what were my feelings, when I beheld the whole floor covered with chains, a fire-pan, and two grim men ſtanding with their ſmith-hammers!

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To work went theſe engines of deſpotiſm!—Enormous chains were fixed to my ancle at one end, and at the other to a ring which was incorporated in the wall. This ring was three feet from the ground, and only allowed me to move about two or three feet to the right and left. They next rivetted another huge iron ring, of a hand's breadth, round

my naked body, to which hung a chain, fixed into an iron bar, as thick as a man's arm. This bar was two feet in length, and at each end of it was a handcuff, as repreſented in the plate. The iron collar round my neck was not added till the year 1756.

* * * * * * * * *

No ſoul bade me good-night.—All retired in dreadful ſilence;—and I heard the horrible grating of four doors, that were ſucceſſively locked and bolted upon me!

Thus does man act by his fellow, knowing him to be innocent, having received the commands of another man ſo to act.

Oh God! thou, alone, knoweſt how my heart, void as it was of guilt, beat at this moment. There ſat I, deſtitute, alone, in thick darkneſs, upon the bare earth, with a weight

weight of fetters inſupportable to nature, thanking thee that theſe cruel men had not diſcovered my knife, by which my miſeries might yet find an end. Death is a laſt, certain refuge, that can, indeed, bid defiance to the rage of tyranny. What ſhall I ſay? How ſhall I make the reader feel as I then felt? How deſcribe my deſpondency, and yet account for that latent impulſe that withheld my hand on this fatal, this miſerable night?

This miſery, I foreſaw, was not of ſhort duration: I had heard of the wars that were lately broken out between Auſtria and Pruſſia. Patiently to wait their termination, amid ſufferings and wretchedneſs, ſuch as mine, appeared impoſſible, and freedom even then was doubtful. Sad experience had I had of Vienna, and well I knew thoſe, who had de-

ſpoiled me of my property, moſt anxiouſly would endeavour to prevent my return.—Such were my meditations! Such my night thoughts! Day at length returned—But where was its ſplendor? Fled—I beheld it not—Yet was its glimmering obſcurity ſufficient to ſhew me what was my dungeon.

In breadth it was about eight feet; in length, ten. Near me once more ſtood a night table; in a corner was a ſeat, four bricks broad, on which I might ſit, and recline againſt the wall. Oppoſite the ring to which I was faſtened, the light was admitted through a ſemicircular aperture, one foot high, and two in diameter. This aperture aſcended to the centre of the wall, which was ſix feet thick, and at this central part was a cloſe iron grating, from which, outward, the aperture deſcended, and its two extre-

extremities were again ſecured by ſtrong iron bars. My dungeon was built in the ditch of the fortification, and the aperture, by which the light entered, was ſo covered by the wall of the rampart that, inſtead of finding immediate paſſage, the light only gained admiſſion by reflection. This, conſidering the ſmallneſs of the aperture, and the impediments of grating and iron bars, muſt needs make the obſcurity great, yet my eyes, in time, became ſo accuſtomed to this glimmering that I could ſee a mouſe run. In winter, however, when the ſun did not ſhine into the ditch, it was eternal night with me. Between the bars and the grating was a glaſs window, with a ſmall central caſement, which might be opened to admit air. My night-table was daily removed, and beſide me ſtood a jug of water. The

name of TRENCK was built in the wall, in red brick, and under my feet was a tombſtone, with the name of TRENCK alſo cut on it, and carved with a death's head. The doors to my dungeon were double, of oak, two inches thick: without theſe was an open ſpace or front cell, in which was a window, and this ſpace was, likewiſe, ſhut in by double doors. The ditch, in which this dreadful den was built, was incloſed on both ſides by paliſadoes, twelve feet high, the key of the door of which was entruſted to the officer of the guard, it being the King's intention to prevent all poſſibility of ſpeech or communication with the centinels, The only motion I had the power to make was that of jumping upward, or ſwinging my arms, to procure myſelf warmth. When more accuſtomed to theſe fetters, I was, likewiſe,

capa-

capable of moving from ſide to ſide, about four feet, but this pained my ſhin bones.

The cell had been finiſhed with lime and plaiſter but eleven days, and every body ſuppoſed it would be impoſſible I ſhould exiſt in theſe damps above a fortnight. I remained ſix months, continually immerſed in water, that trickled upon me from the thick arches under which I was; and I can ſafely affirm that, for the firſt three months, I was never dry; yet did I continue in health. I was viſited daily, at noon, after relieving guard, and the doors were then obliged to be left open for ſome minutes, otherwiſe the dampneſs of the air put out their candles.

This was my ſituation, and here I ſat, deſtitute of friend, helpleſsly wretched, preyed on by all the tor-

ture

ture of thought, that continually ſuggeſted the moſt gloomy, the moſt dreadful of images. My heart was not yet wholly turned to ſtone, my fortitude was ſunken to deſpondency; my dungeon was the very cave of deſpair; yet was my arm reſtrained, yet was this exceſs of miſery endured.

How, then, may hope be wholly eradicated from the heart of man! My fortitude, after ſome time, began to revive; I glowed with the deſire of convincing the world I was capable of ſuffering what man had never ſuffered before, perhaps of, at laſt, emerging from this load of wretchedneſs, triumphant over my enemies. So long, and ardently, did my fancy dwell on this picture that my mind, at length, acquired a heroiſm, which Socrates himſelf certainly never poſſeſſed. Age had benumbed

benumbed his ſenſe of pleaſure, and he drank the poiſonous draught, with cool indifference; I was young, inured to high hopes, yet now beholding deliverance impoſſible, or at an immenſe, a dreadful diſtance. Such, too, were the ſufferings of ſoul, and body, I could not hope they might be ſupported and live.

About noon my den was opened. Sorrow and compaſſion were painted on the countenances of my keepers. No one ſpoke. No one bad me good-morrow. Dreadful, indeed, was their arrival, for, unaccuſtomed to the monſtrous bolts and bars, they were kept reſounding for a full half hour, before ſuch ſoul-chilling, ſuch hope-murdering, impediments were removed. It was the voice of tyranny that thundered!

My night-table was taken out, a camp-bed, matraſs, and blankets,

were

were brought me; a jug of water ſat down, and, beſide it, an ammunition loaf of ſix pounds weight. "That you no more may complain "of hunger," ſaid the town-major, "you ſhall have as much bread "as you can eat." The door was ſhut, and I again left to my thoughts.

What a ſtrange thing is that called happineſs! How ſhall I expreſs my extreme joy, when, after eleven months of intolerable hunger, I was again indulged with a full feaſt of coarſe ammunition bread? The fond lover never ruſhed more eagerly to the arms of his expecting bride; the famiſhed tiger more ravenouſly on his prey, than I upon this loaf: I eat, reſted, ſurveyed the precious morſel, eat again, and, abſolutely, ſhed tears of pleaſure——Breaking bit after bit, I had, by evening, devoured all my loaf.

Oh

Oh Nature! what delight haſt thou combined with the gratification of thy wants! Remember this, ye who gorge, ye who rack invention to excite appetite, and which yet you cannot procure; remember how ſimple are the means that will give a cruſt of mouldy bread a flavour more exquiſite than all the ſpices of the Eaſt, or all the profuſion of land or ſea; remember this, grow hungry, and indulge your ſenſuality.

Alas! my enjoyment was of ſhort duration. I ſoon found that exceſs is followed by pain and repentance. My faſting had weakened digeſtion, and rendered it inactive. My body ſwelled, my water-jug was emptied, cramps, cholics, and, at length, inordinate thirſt racked me all the night. I began to pour curſes on thoſe who ſeemed to refine

on

on torture, and, after ſtarving me ſo long, to invite me to gluttony. Could I not have reclined on my bed, I ſhould, indeed, have been driven, this night, to deſperation: yet, even this was but a partial relief, for, not yet accuſtomed to my enormous fetters, I could not extend myſelf in them in the ſame manner I was afterward taught to do by habit. I dragged them, however, ſo together as to enable me to ſit down on the bare matraſs. This, of all my nights of ſuffering, ſtands foremoſt. When they opened my dungeon, next day, they found me in a truly pitiable ſituation, wondered at my appetite, brought me another loaf; I refuſed to accept it, believing I never more ſhould have occaſion for bread: they, however, left me one, gave me water, ſhrugged up their ſhoulders, wiſhed me farewell,

farewell, as, according to all appearance, they never expected to find me alive, and ſhut all the doors, without aſking whether I wiſhed, or needed, farther aſſiſtance.

Three days had paſſed before I could again eat a morſel of bread, and my mind, brave in health, now, in a ſick body, became puſillanimous, ſo that I determined on death. The irons, every where round my body, and their weight, were inſupportable; nor could I imagine it was poſſible I ſhould habituate myſelf to them, or endure them long enough to expect deliverance. Peace was a very diſtant proſpect. The King had commanded that ſuch a priſon ſhould be built as ſhould exclude all neceſſity of a centinel, in order that I might not converſe with and ſeduce them from what is called their duty; and, in the firſt days of

deſpair,

deſpair, deliverance appeared impoſſible; and the fetters, the war, the pain I felt, the place, the length of time, each circumſtance ſeemed equally impoſſible to ſupport. A thouſand reaſons convinced me it was neceſſary to end my ſufferings. I ſhall not enter into theological diſputes: let thoſe who blame me imagine themſelves in my ſituation; or, rather, let them firſt actually endure my miſeries, and, then, let them reaſon. I had, often, braved death in proſperity, and, at this moment, it ſeemed a bleſſing.

Full of theſe meditations, every minute's patience appeared abſurdity, and reſolution meanneſs of ſoul, yet I wiſhed my mind ſhould be ſatisfied that reaſon, and not raſhneſs, had induced the act. I, therefore, determined, that I might examine the queſtion coolly, to

wait

wait a week longer, and die on the fourth of July. In the meantime I revolved in my mind what poſſible means there were of eſcape, not fearing, naked and chained, to ruſh and expire on the bayonets of my enemies.

The next day I obſerved, as the four doors were opened, that they were only of wood, therefore, queſtioned whether I might not even cut off the locks with the knife that I had ſo fortunately concealed; and, ſhould this and every other means fail, then would be the time to die. I, likewiſe, determined to make an attempt even to free myſelf of my chains. I, happily, forced my right hand through the hand-cuff, though the blood trickled from my nails. My attempts on the left were long ineffectual: but, by rubbing with a brick, which I got from my ſeat, on the rivet

that

that had been negligently cloſed, I effected this alſo.

The chain was faſtened to the rim round my body, by a hook, one end of which was not inſerted in the rim, therefore, by ſetting my foot againſt the wall, I had ſtrength enough ſo far to bend this hook back, and open it, as to force out the link of the chain. The remaining difficulty was the chain that attached my foot to the wall: the links of this chain I took, doubled, twiſted, and wrenched, till, at length, nature having beſtowed on me great ſtrength, I made a deſperate effort, ſprang forcibly up, and two links, at once, flew off.

Fortunate, indeed, did I think myſelf; I haſtened to the door, groped in the dark to find the clinchings of the nails by which the lock was faſtened, and diſcovered no very large piece

of

of wood need be cut. Immediately I went to work with my knife, and cut through the oak door, to find its thickneſs, which proved to be only one inch, therefore, was it poſſible to open all the four doors in four and twenty hours.

Again hope revived in my heart. To prevent detection I haſtened to put on my chains; but, oh God! what difficulties had I to ſurmount! After much groping about, I, at length, found the link that had flown off; this I hid. It had been my good fortune, hitherto, to eſcape examination, as the poſſibility of ridding myſelf of ſuch chains was in no wiſe ſuſpected. The ſeparated links I tied together with my hair ribbon; but, when I again endeavoured to force my hand into the ring, it was ſo ſwelled that every effort was fruitleſs. The whole night

night was employed upon the rivet, but all labour was in vain.

Noon was the hour of viſitation, and neceſſity and danger again obliged me to attempt forcing my hand in, which, at length, after excruciating torture, I effected. My viſitors came, and every thing had the appearance of order. I found it, however, impoſſible to force out my right hand while it continued ſwelled.

I, therefore, remained quiet till the day fixed, and, on the determined fourth of July, immediately as my viſitors had cloſed the doors upon me, I diſincumbered myſelf of my irons, took my knife, and began my Herculean labour on the door. The firſt of the double doors that opened inwards was conquered in leſs than an hour; the other was a very different taſk. The lock

was

was ſoon cut round, but it opened outwards; there were, therefore, no other means left, but to cut the whole door away above the bar.

This inceſſant and incredible labour made poſſible, though it was the more difficult, as every thing was to be done by feeling, I being totally in the dark; the ſweat dropt, or, rather, flowed from my body; my fingers were clotted with my own blood, and my lacerated hands were one continued wound.

Day-light appeared, I clambered over the door that was half cut away, and got up to the window in the ſpace or cell that was between the double doors, as before deſcribed. Here I ſaw my dungeon was in the ditch of the firſt rampart: before me I beheld the road from the rampart, the guard but fifty paces diſtant, and the high paliſadoes that

were in the ditch, and muſt be ſcaled before I could reach the rampart. Hope grew ſtronger; my efforts were redoubled. The firſt of the next double doors was attacked, which, likewiſe, opened inward, and was ſoon conquered. The ſun ſet before I had ended this, and the fourth was to be cut away, as the ſecond had been. My ſtrength failed; both my hands were raw: I reſted a while, began again, and had made a cut of a foot long, when my knife ſnapt, and the broken blade dropt to the ground.

* * * * * * * * * *

God of omnipotence! what was I at this moment! Was there, God of mercies! was there ever creature of thine more juſtified than I in deſpair?——The moon ſhone clear; I caſt a wild and diſtracted look up to Heaven, fell on my knees, and,

in

in the agony of my ſoul, ſought comfort; but no comfort could be found, nor Religion nor Philoſophy had any to give.——I curſed not Providence, I feared not annihilation, I dared not Almighty vengeance; God the creator was the diſpoſer of my fate; and, if he heaped afflictions upon me he had not given me ſtrength to ſupport, his juſtice would not, therefore, puniſh me. To him, the Judge of the quick and dead, I committed my ſoul, ſeized the broken knife, gaſhed through the veins of my left arm and foot, ſat myſelf tranquilly down, and ſaw the blood flow. Nature, overpowered, fainted, and I know not how long I remained ſlumbering in this ſtate——Suddenly I heard my own name, awoke, and again heard the words Baron Trenck! My anſwer was, who calls?—And who indeed was

it—who but my honeſt grenadier Gefhardt—my former faithful friend in the citadel.——The good, the kind, fellow had got upon the rampart, that he might comfort me.

"How do you do?" ſaid Gefhardt ——"Weltering in my blood," anſwered I; "to-morrow you will find me dead."——"Why ſhould you die?" replied he. "It is much "eaſier for you to eſcape here than "from the citadel. Here is no "centinel, and I ſhall ſoon find "means to provide you with tools: "if you can only break out, leave "the reſt to me. As often as I am "on guard I will ſeek opportunity "to ſpeak to you. In the whole "Star-Fort there are but two cen-"tinels; the one at the entrance, "and the other at the guard-houſe. "——Do not deſpair, God will ſuc-"cour you; truſt to me."——The

good

good man's kindneſs and diſcourſe revived my hopes: I ſaw the poſſibility of an eſcape. A ſecret joy diffuſed itſelf through my ſoul—— I, immediately, tore my ſhirt, bound up my wounds, and waited the approach of day; and the ſun, ſoon after, ſhone through the window, to me, with unaccuſtomed brightneſs.

Let the reader judge how far it was chance, how far the effect of divine providence, that in this dreadful hour my heart again received hope. Who was it ſent the honeſt Gefhardt, at ſuch a moment, to my priſon? For, had it not been for him, I had, certainly, when I awoke from my ſlumbers, cut more effectually through my arteries.

Till noon I had time to conſider what might farther be done: yet, what could be done, what expected,

but that I ſhould now be much more cruelly treated, and even more inſupportably ironed than before; finding, as they muſt, the doors cut through, and my fetters ſhaken off?

After mature conſideration, I, therefore, made the following reſolution, which ſucceeded happily, and even beyond my hopes. Before I proceed, however, I will ſpeak a few words concerning my then ſituation. It is impoſſible to deſcribe how much I was exhauſted. The priſon ſwam with blood, and, certainly, but little was left in my body. With painful wounds, ſwelled and torn hands, I there ſtood, ſhirtleſs, felt an inclination to ſleep almoſt irreſiſtible, and ſcarcely had ſtrength to keep my legs, yet was I obliged to rouſe myſelf, that I might execute my plan.

With the bar that ſeparated my hands

hands I looſened the bricks of my ſeat, which, being newly laid, was eaſily done, and heaped them up in the middle of my priſon. The inner door was quite open, and with my chains I ſo barricadoed the upper half of the ſecond as to prevent any one climbing over it. When noon came, and the firſt of the doors was unlocked, all were aſtoniſhed to find the ſecond open. There I ſtood, a deſperate man, beſmeared with blood, the picture of horror, with a brick in one hand, and in the other my broken knife, crying, as they approached, "Keep "off, Mr. Major, keep off!——— "Tell the Governor I will live no "longer in chains, and that here I "ſtand, if ſo he pleaſes, to be ſhot; "for ſo only will I be conquered. "Here no man ſhall enter—I will "deſtroy all that approach; here are

" my weapons, here will I die in de-
" ſpite of tyranny." The major was terrified, wanted reſolution, and made his report to the governor. I, meantime, ſat down on my bricks, to wait what might happen: my ſecret intent, however, was not ſo deſperate as it appeared. I ſought only to obtain a favourable capitulation.

The governor, General Borck, preſently, came, attended by the town-major, and ſome officers, and entered the outward cell, but ſprung back the moment he beheld a figure like me, ſtanding with a brick and up-lifted arm. I repeated what I had told the major, and he, immediately, ordered ſix grenadiers to force the door. The front cell was ſcarcely ſix feet broad, ſo that no more than two at a time could attack my intrenchment, and, when they ſaw my threatening bricks

ready

ready to deſcend, they leaped, terrified, back. A ſhort pauſe enſued, and the old town-major, with the chaplain, advanced toward the door to ſooth me: the converſation continued ſome time; whoſe reaſons were moſt ſatisfactory, and whoſe cauſe was the moſt juſt, I leave to the reader. The governor grew angry, and ordered a freſh attack. The firſt grenadier was knocked down, and the reſt ran back to avoid my miſſiles.

The town-major, again, began a parley. "For God's ſake, my dear "Trenck," ſaid he, "in what have I "injured you, that you endeavour "to effect my ruin? I muſt anſwer "for your having, through my neg-"ligence, concealed a knife. Be "perſuaded, I intreat you. Be ap-"peaſed. You are not without "hope, nor without friends."—My

anſwer was,—"But will you not "load me with heavier irons than "before?"

He went out, ſpoke with the governor, and gave me his word of honour that the affair ſhould be no farther noticed, and that every thing ſhould be exactly reinſtated as formerly.

Here ended the capitulation, and my wretched citadel was taken. The condition I was in was viewed with pity; my wounds were examined, a ſurgeon ſent to dreſs them, another ſhirt was given me, and the bricks, clotted with blood, removed. I, mean time, lay half dead on my matraſs: my thirſt was exceſſive, the ſurgeon ordered me ſome wine; two centinels were ſtationed in the front cell, and I was thus left, four days, in peace, unironed. Broth, alſo, was given me daily, and how delicious

this was to taſte, how much it revived and ſtrengthened me, is wholly impoſſible to deſcribe. Two days I lay in a ſlumbering kind of trance, forced, by unquenchable thirſt, to drink whenever I awoke. My feet and hands were ſwelled; the pains in my back, and limbs, were exceſſive.

On the fifth day, the doors were ready; the inner was entirely plated with iron, and I was fettered as before: perhaps, they found further cruelty unneceſſary. The principal chain, however, which faſtened me to the wall, like that I had before broken, was thicker than the firſt. Except this, the capitulation was ſtrictly kept. They deeply regretted that, without the King's expreſs commands, they could not lighten my afflictions, wiſhed me fortitude and patience, and barred up my doors,

It is neceſſary I ſhould here deſcribe my dreſs. My hands being fixed and kept aſunder, by an iron bar, and my feet chained to the wall, I could neither put on ſhirt or ſtockings in the uſual mode; the ſhirt was, therefore, tied, as repreſented in the plate, and changed once a fortnight; the coarſe ammunition ſtockings were buttoned on the ſides; a blue garment, of ſoldier's cloth, was likewiſe tied round me, and I had a pair of ſlippers for my feet. The ſhirt was of the army linen, and when I contemplated myſelf in this dreſs of a malefactor, chained thus to the wall, in ſuch a dungeon, vainly imploring mercy or juſtice, my conſcience void of reproach, my heart of guilt; when I reflected on my former ſplendor in Berlin and Moſcow, and compared it with this ſad, this dreadful reverſe of deſtiny,

I was

I was ſunk in grief, or rouſed to indignation, that might have hurried the greateſt hero, or philoſopher, to madneſs or deſpair. I felt what can only be imagined by him who has ſuffered like me, after having, like me, flouriſhed, if ſuch can be found.

Pride, the juſtneſs of my cauſe, the unbounded confidence I had in my own reſolution, and the labours of an inventive head and iron body, theſe, only, could have preſerved my life. Theſe bodily labours, theſe continued inventions, and projected plans, to obtain my freedom, preſerved my health. Who would ſuppoſe that a man, fettered, as I was, could find means of exerciſing himſelf? By ſwinging my arms, acting with the upper part of my body, and leaping upward, I frequently put myſelf in a ſtrong perſpiration.

After

After thus wearying myſelf, I ſlept ſoundly, and often thought how many generals, obliged to ſupport all the inclemencies of weather, and all the dangers of the field; how many of thoſe who had plunged me into this den of miſery, would have been moſt glad, could they, like me, have ſlept with a quiet conſcience. Often did I reflect how much happier I was than thoſe tortured on the bed of ſickneſs, by gout, ſtone, and other diſeaſes, terrible to man. How much happier was I in innocence, than the malefactor doomed to ſuffer the pangs of death, the ignominy of men, and the horrors of internal guilt!

In the following part of my hiſtory it will appear I often had much money concealed under the ground, and in the walls of my den, yet, would I have given a hundred ducats

for

for a morſel of bread, it could not have been procured. Money was to me uſeleſs. In this I reſembled the miſer, who hoards, yet lives in wretchedneſs, having no joy in gentle acts of benevolence. As proudly might I delight myſelf with my hidden treaſure, as ſuch miſers, nay more, for I was ſecure from robbers.

Had faſtidious pomp been my pleaſure, I might have imagined myſelf ſome old field-marſhal bedridden, who hears two grenadier centinels at his door call, "Who goes "there?" My honour, indeed, was ſtill greater, for, during my laſt year's impriſonment, my door was guarded by no leſs than four. My vanity, alſo, might have flattered itſelf, I hence might conclude how high was the value ſet upon my head, ſince all this trouble was taken to hold me in ſecurity. Certain

it

it is, that, in my chains, I thought more rationally, more nobly, reaſoned more philoſophically on man, his nature, his real, his imaginary wants; the effects of his ambition, his paſſions, and ſaw more diſtinctly his dream of earthly good, than thoſe who had impriſoned me, or thoſe who guarded. I was void of the fears that haunt the paraſite, who ſervilely wears the fetters of a court, and daily trembles for the loſs of what vice and cunning have acquired. Thoſe who have uſurped my Sclavonian eſtates, and feaſted ſumptuouſly from the ſervice of plate I had been robbed of, never eat their dainties with ſo ſweet an appetite as I my ammunition bread, nor did their high flavoured wines flow ſo limpid as my cold water.

Thus the man, who thinks, being pure of heart, will find conſolation, when

when under the moſt dreadful of calamities, convinced, as he muſt be, that thoſe apparently moſt happy are frequently leaſt, inſenſible as they are of the pleaſures they might enjoy. Evil never is ſo great as it appears.

" Sweet are the uſes of adverſity,
" Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
" Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.'
As you like it. *

Happy he, who, like me, having ſuffered, can become an example to his ſuffering brethren.

YOUTH, proſperous, and imagining proſperity eternal, read my hiſtory attentively, though I ſhould be in my

* The Baron has quoted a poem written and publiſhed by himſelf.

"Im uebel ſelbſt ſteckt noch ein preiſs
"Wenn man ihn nur zu finden weiſs."

The ſimilarity of the thought, which ſeems borrowed from Shakeſpeare, juſtifies a quotation ſo beautiful. T.

my grave! Read feelingly, and bleſs my ſleeping duſt, if it has taught thee wiſdom or fortitude!

FATHER, reading this, ſay to thy children, I, like them, in blooming youth, little propheſied of misfortune, which after fell thus heavy on me, and by which I am even ſtill perſecuted! Say that I had virtue, ambition, was educated in noble principles; that I laboured with all the zeal of enthuſiaſtic youth to become wiſer, better, greater than other men; that I was guilty of no crimes, was the friend of men, was no deceiver of man, or woman; that I firſt ſerved my own country faithfully, and, after, every other in which I found bread; that I was never, during life, once intoxicated; was no gameſter, no night rambler, no contemptible idler; that, yet, through envy and arbitrary power, I have

fallen

fallen to miſery, ſuch as none but the worſt of criminals ought to feel.

BROTHER, fly thoſe countries where the lawgiver knows himſelf no law, where truth and virtue are puniſhed as crimes: and, if fly you cannot, be it your endeavour to remain unknown, unnoticed, in ſuch countries; ſeek not favour or honourable employ, elſe will you become, when your merits are known, as I have been, the victim of ſlander and treachery; the beheſts of power will perſecute you, and innocence will not ſhield you from the ſhafts of wicked men who are envious, or who wiſh to obtain the favour of princes, though by the worſt of means.

SIRE, imagine not thou readeſt a romance; my head is grey, like thine. Read, yet deſpiſe not the world, though it has treated me thus unthank-

thankfully. Good men have I alſo found, who have befriended me in misfortune, and there, where leaſt I had claim, have I found them moſt. May my book aſſiſt thee in noble thoughts; mayſt thou die as tranquilly as I ſhall render up my ſoul to appear before the Judge of me and my perſecutors. Be death but thought a tranſition from motion to reſt. Few are the delights of this world, for him, who, like me, has learned to know it. Murmur not, deſpair not of Providence. Me, through ſtorms, it has brought to haven; through many griefs, to ſelf knowledge; and, through priſons, to philoſophy. He, only, can tranquilly deſcend to annihilation, who finds reaſon not to repent he has once exiſted. My rudder broke not, amid the rocks and quickſands, but my bark was wrecked upon the ſtrand

ſtrand of knowledge. Yet, even on theſe clear ſhores, are impenetrable clouds. I have ſeen more diſtinctly than it is ſuppoſed men ought to ſee. Age will decay the faculties, and mental, like bodily ſight, muſt then decreaſe. I even grew weary of ſcience, and envied the blind-born, or thoſe who, till death, have been wilfully hood-winked. How often have I been aſked, "What didſt "thou ſee?"—And, when I anſwered with ſincerity and truth, how often have I been derided as a liar, and been perſecuted, by thoſe who determined not to ſee themſelves, as an innovator, ſingular and raſh!

Sire, I farther ſay to thee, teach thy deſcendants to ſeek the golden mean, and ſay with Gellert—"The "boy Fritz needs nothing: his ſtu-"pidity will inſure his ſucceſs."—Examine our wealthy and titled lords,

lords, what their abilities are, and what their honours, then inquire how they were attained, and, if thou canſt, diſcover in what true happineſs conſiſts.

Once more to my priſon. The failure of my eſcape, and the recovery of life, from this ſtate of deſpair, led me to moralize deeper than I had ever done before; and, in this depth of thought, I found unexpected conſolation and fortitude, and a firm perſuaſion I yet ſhould accompliſh my deliverance.

Gefhardt, my honeſt grenadier, had infuſed freſh hope, and my mind now buſily began to meditate new plans. A centinel had been placed before my door, that I might be more narrowly watched, and the married men of the Pruſſian ſtates were appointed to this duty, who, as I ſhall hereafter ſhew, were more

eaſy

eaſy to perſuade in aiding my flight, than foreign fugitives. The Pomeranian will liſten, and is, by nature, kind, therefore, may eaſily be moved, and induced to ſuccour diſtreſs.

I began to be more accuſtomed to my irons, which I had before found ſo inſupportable; I could comb out my long hair, and could tie it at laſt with one hand. My beard, which had ſo long remained unſhaven, gave me a grim appearance, and I began to pluck it up by the roots. The pain, at firſt, was conſiderable, eſpecially round the lips; but this, alſo, cuſtom conquered, and I performed this operation in the following years, once in ſix weeks, or two months; as the hair thus plucked up required that length of time before the nails could again get hold. Vermin did not moleſt me; the dampneſs of my den was

inimi-

inimical to them. My limbs never ſwelled, becauſe of the exerciſe I gave myſelf, as before deſcribed. The greateſt pain I found was in the continued unvivifying dimneſs in which I lived.

I had read much; had lived in, and ſeen much of, the world; vacuity of thought, therefore, I was little troubled with; the former tranſactions of my life, what had happened, and the remembrance of the perſons I had known, I revolved ſo often in my mind that they became as familiar and connected, as if the events had each been written in the order it occurred. Habit made this mental exerciſe ſo perfect to me that I could compoſe ſpeeches, fables, odes, ſatires, all which I repeated aloud, and had ſo ſtored my memory with them that I was enabled, after I had obtained my freedom, to commit

mit to writing two volumes of theſe my priſon labours. Accuſtomed to this exerciſe, days, that would otherwiſe have been days of miſery, appeared but as a moment. The following narrative will ſhew how much eſteem, how many friends, theſe compoſitions procured me, even in my dungeon, inſomuch that I obtained light, paper, and, finally, freedom itſelf. For theſe have I to thank the induſtrious acquirements of my youth, therefore, do I counſel all my readers ſo to employ their time. Riches, honours, the favours of fortune, may be ſhowered by monarchs upon the moſt worthleſs; but monarchs can give and take, ſay and unſay, raiſe and pull down. Monarchs, however, can neither give wiſdom nor virtue. Arbitrary power itſelf, here, and before theſe, is foiled.

How wiſely has Providence or-

dained that the endowments of induſtry, learning, and ſcience, given by ourſelves, cannot be taken from us; while, on the contrary, what others beſtow is a fantaſtical dream, from which any accident may awaken us. The wrath of Frederic could deſtroy legions, and defeat armies; but it could not take from me the ſenſe of honour, of innocence, and their ſweet concomitant, peace of mind; could not deprive me of fortitude and magnanimity: I defied his power, reſted on the juſtice of my cauſe, found in myſelf expedients wherewith to oppoſe him, was at length crowned with conqueſt, and came forth, to the world, the martyr of ſuffering virtue.

Some of my oppreſſors now rot in diſhonourable graves. Others, alas! in Vienna, remain immured in houſes of correction, as Krügel and Zetto, or beg their bread, like Gravenitz

venitz and Doo. Nor are the wealthy poſſeſſors of my eſtates more fortunate, but look down with ſhame whenever I and my children appear. We ſtand erect, eſteemed, and honoured, while their injuſtice is manifeſt to the whole world.

Young man, be induſtrious, for, without induſtry, can none of the treaſures I have deſcribed be purchaſed. Thy labour will reward itſelf; then, when aſſaulted by misfortune, or even miſery, learn of me, and ſmile; or, ſhouldeſt thou eſcape ſuch trials, ſtill labour to acquire wiſdom, that, in old age, thou mayeſt find content and happineſs.

The years in my dungeon paſſed away as days, thoſe moments excepted, when, thinking on the great world, and the deeds of great men, my ambition was rouſed: except when, contemplating the vileneſs of my chains, and the wretchedneſs of

my ſituation, I laboured for liberty, and found my labours endleſs and ineffectual: except while I remembered the triumph of my enemies, and the ſplendor in which thoſe, by whom I had been plundered, lived. Then, indeed, did I experience intervals that approached madneſs, deſpair, and horror: beholding myſelf deſtitute of friend or protector, the Empreſs herſelf, for whoſe ſake I ſuffered, deſerting me; reflecting on paſt times and paſt proſperity; remembering how the good and virtuous, from the cruel nature of my puniſhment, muſt be obliged to conclude me a wretch and a villain, and that all means of juſtification were cut off; oh, God! How did my heart beat! With what violence! What would I not have undertaken, in theſe ſuffering moments, to have put my enemies to ſhame! Vengeance, and rage, then, roſe

roſe rebellious againſt patience; long ſuffering philoſophy vaniſhed, and the poiſoned cup of Socrates would have been the nectar of the Gods.

Man, deprived of hope, is man deſtroyed. I found but little probability in all my plans and projects, yet did I truſt that ſome of them ſhould ſucceed, yet did I confide in them and my honeſt Gefhardt, and that I ſhould ſtill free myſelf from my chains.

The greateſt of all my incitements to patient endurance was love. I had left behind me, in Vienna, a lady, for whom the world ſtill was dear to me; her would I neither deſert nor afflict. To her and my ſiſter was my exiſtence ſtill neceſſary. For their ſakes, who had loſt and ſuffered ſo much for mine, would I preſerve my life; for them no difficulty, no ſuffering, was too great; yet them, alas! when long-deſired

liberty was reſtored, I found both in their graves. The joy, for which I had borne ſo much, was no more to be taſted.

About three weeks after my attempt to eſcape, the good Gefhardt firſt came to ſtand centinel over me; and the centinel they had ſo carefully ſet was, indeed, the only hope I could have of eſcape; for help muſt be had from without, or this was impoſſible.

The effort I had made had excited too much ſurpriſe and alarm for me to paſs without ſtrict examination, ſince, on the ninth day after I was confined, I had, in eighteen hours, ſo far broken through a priſon built purpoſely for myſelf, by a combination of ſo many projectors, and with ſuch extreme precaution, which priſon had univerſally been declared impenetrable.

Gefhardt ſcarcely had taken his poſt

poſt before we had free opportunity of converſing together; for, when I ſtood, with one foot, on my bed-ſtead, I could reach the aperture, through which light was admitted.

Gefhardt deſcribed the ſituation of my dungeon, and our firſt plan was to break through the foundation which he had ſeen laid, and which he affirmed to be only two feet deep.

Money was the firſt thing neceſſary. Gefhardt was relieved during his guard, and returned, bringing with him a ſheet of paper rolled on a wire, which he paſſed through my grating; after which a piece of ſmall wax-candle, ſome burning amadoue (a kind of tinder), a match, and a pen. I now had light, pricked my finger, and wrote, with my blood, to my faithful friend, Captain Ruckhardt, at Vienna, deſcribed my ſituation in a few words, ſent him an acquittance for three thouſand flo-

rins on my revenues, and requeſted he would diſpoſe of a thouſand florins to defray the expences of his journey to Gummern, only two miles from Magdeburg. Here he was, poſitively, to be on the 15th of Auguſt. About noon, on this ſame day, he was to walk, with a letter in his hand; a man was there to meet him, ſmoking a roll of tobacco, to whom he muſt remit the two thouſand florins, and return to Vienna.

I returned the written paper to Gefhardt by the ſame means it had been received, gave him my inſtructions, and he ſent his wife with it to Gummern, by whom it was ſafely put in the poſt.

My hopes daily roſe, and, as often as Gefhardt mounted guard, ſo often did we continue our projects. The 15th of Auguſt came, but it was ſome days before Gefhardt was again on guard; and oh! how did my heart

heart palpitate when he came and exclaimed, "All is right! we have "ſucceeded." He returned in the evening, and we began to conſider by what means he could convey the money to me. I could not, with my hands chained to an iron bar, reach to the aperture of the window that admitted air; beſide that it was too ſmall. It was, therefore, agreed that Gefhardt ſhould, on the next guard, perform the office of cleaning my dungeon, and that he then ſhould convey the money to me in the water-jug.

This, luckily, was done. How great was my aſtoniſhment when, inſtead of one, I found two thouſand florins! For I had permitted him to reſerve half to himſelf, as a reward for his fidelity. He, however, had kept but five piſtoles, which he perſiſted was enough.

Worthy Gefhardt! This was the

act of a Pomeranian grenadier! How rare are ſuch examples! Be thy name and mine ever united. Live thou while the memory of me ſhall live. Never did my acquaintance with the great bring to my knowledge a ſoul ſo noble, ſo diſintereſted!

It is true, I, afterward, prevailed on him to accept the whole thouſand; but we ſhall ſoon ſee he never had them, and that his fooliſh wife, three years after, ſuffered by their means; however, ſhe ſuffered alone, for he ſoon marched to the field, and therefore was unpuniſhed.

Having money to carry on my deſigns, I began to put my plan of burrowing under the foundation into execution. The firſt thing neceſſary was to free myſelf from my fetters. To accompliſh this, Gefhardt ſupplied me with two ſmall files, and, by the aid of theſe, this labour, though great, was effected.

The cap, or ſtaple, of the foot-ring was made ſo wide that I could draw it forward a quarter of an inch. I filed the iron which paſſed through it on the inſide, and the more I filed this away, the further I could draw the cap down, till at laſt the whole inſide iron, through which the chains paſſed, was quite cut through; by this means I could ſlip off the ring, while the cap on the outſide continued whole, and it was impoſſible to diſcover any cut, as only the outſide could be examined. My hands, by continued efforts, I ſo compreſſed as to be able to draw them out of the hand-cuffs. I then filed the hinge, and made a ſcrew-driver of one of the foot-long flooring nails, by which I could take out the ſcrews at pleaſure, ſo that at the time of examination no proofs could appear. The rim round my body was but a ſmall

impediment, except the chain, which paſſed from my hand-bar, and this I removed, by filing an aperture in one of the links, which, at the neceſſary hour, I cloſed with bread, rubbed over with ruſty iron, firſt drying it by the heat of my body; and would wager any ſum that, without ſtriking the chain, link by link, with a hammer, no one, not in the ſecret, would have diſcovered this fracture.

The window was never ſtrictly examined; I, therefore, drew the two ſtaples by which the iron bars were fixed to the wall, and which I daily replaced, carefully plaiſtering them over. I procured wire from Gefhardt, and tried how well I could imitate the inner grating: finding I ſucceeded tolerably, I cut the real grating totally away, and ſubſtituted an artificial one of my own fabricating, by which I obtained a free communication with the outſide, addi-

additional freſh air, together with all neceſſary implements, tinder and candles. That the light might not be ſeen, I hung the coverlid of my bed before the window, ſo that I could work fearleſs and undetected.

Every thing prepared, I went to work. The floor of my dungeon was not of ſtone, but oak planks, three inches thick; three beds of which were laid croſſwiſe, and were faſtened to each other by nails half an inch in diameter, and a foot long. Having worked round the head of a nail, I made uſe of the hole at the end of the bar, which ſeparated my hands, to draw it out, and this nail I ſharpened upon my tomb-ſtone into an excellent chiſſel.

I now cut through the board more than an inch in width, that I might work downward, and, having drawn away a piece of board which was inſerted two inches under the wall,

wall, I cut this ſo as exactly to fit: the ſmall crevice it occaſioned I ſtopped up with bread, and ſtrewed over with duſt, ſo as to prevent all ſuſpicious appearance. My labour under this was continued with leſs precaution, and I had ſoon worked through my nine-inch planks. Under them I came to a fine white ſand, on which the Star-Fort was built. My chips I carefully diſtributed beneath the boards. If I had not help from without, I could proceed no further, for to dig were uſeleſs, unleſs I could rid myſelf of my rubbiſh. Gefhardt ſupplied me with ſome ells of cloth, of which I made long narrow bags, ſtuffed them with earth, and paſſed them between the iron bars, to Gefhardt, who, as often as he was on guard, ſcattered or conveyed away their contents.

Furniſhed with room to ſecrete them under the floor, I obtained more inſtru-

inſtruments, together with a pair of piſtols, powder, ball, and a bayonet.

I now diſcovered that the foundation of my priſon, inſtead of two, was ſunk four feet deep. Time, labour, and patience, were all neceſſary to break out, unheard, and undiſcovered; but few things are impoſſible, where reſolution is not wanting.

The hole I made was obliged to be four feet deep, correſponding with the foundation, and wide enough to kneel and ſtoop in; the laying down on the floor to work, the continual ſtooping to throw out the earth, the narrow ſpace in which all muſt be performed, theſe made the labour incredible; and, after this daily labour, all things were to be replaced, and my chains again reſumed, which, alone, required ſome hours to effect. My greateſt aid was in the wax candles, and light I had procured; but as Gef-

hardt

hardt ſtood centinel only once a fortnight, my work was much delayed; the centinels were forbidden to ſpeak to me under pain of death: and I was too fearful of being betrayed to dare to ſeek new aſſiſtance.

Being without a ſtove, I ſuffered much this winter from cold, yet my heart was chearful, as I ſaw the probability of freedom; and all were aſtoniſhed to find me in ſuch good ſpirits.

Gefhardt, alſo, brought me ſupplies of proviſions, chiefly conſiſting of ſauſages and ſalt meats, ready dreſſed, which increaſed my ſtrength, and, when I was not digging, I wrote ſatires and verſes: thus time was employed, and I contented, even in priſon.

Lulled into ſecurity, an accident happened, that will appear almoſt incredible, and by which every hope was nearly fruſtrated.

Gefhardt had been working with me,

me, and was relieved in the morning. As I was replacing the window, which I was obliged to remove on theſe occaſions, it fell out of my hand, and three of the glaſs panes were broken. Gefhardt was not to return till guard was again relieved; I had, therefore, no opportunity of ſpeaking with him, or concerting any mode of repair. I remained nearly an hour conjecturing and heſitating, for, certainly, had the broken window been ſeen, as it was impoſſible I ſhould reach it when fettered, I ſhould, immediately, have been more rigidly examined, and the falſe grating muſt have been diſcovered.

I, therefore, came to a reſolution, and ſpoke to the centinel, who was amuſing himſelf with whiſtling, thus: "My good fellow, have pity, not "upon me, but upon your com- "rades, who, ſhould you refuſe, "will certainly be executed: I will

"throw

" throw you thirty piſtoles through " the window, if you will do me a " ſmall favour." He remained ſome moments ſilent, and at laſt anſwered, in a low voice, " What! have you " money then?" — I, immediately, counted thirty piſtoles, and threw them through the window. He aſked to know what he was to do: I told my difficulty, and gave him the ſize of the panes, in paper. The man, fortunately, was bold and prudent. The door of the paliſadoes, through the negligence of the officer, had not been ſhut that day: he prevailed on one of his comrades to ſtand centinel for him, during half an hour, while he, mean time, ran into the town, and procured the glaſs, on the receipt of which I inſtantly threw him out ten more piſtoles. Before the hour of noon and viſitation came, every thing was once more reinſtated, my glaziery performed

formed to a miracle, and the life of my worthy Gefhardt preſerved! — Such is the power of money in this world! This is a very remarkable incident, for I never ſpoke after to the man who did me this ſignal ſervice.

Gefhardt's alarm may eaſily be imagined: he, ſome days after, returned to his poſt, and was the more aſtoniſhed as he knew the centinel who had done me this good office; that he had five children, and was a man moſt to be depended on by his officers, of any one in the whole grenadier company.

I now continued my labour, and found it very poſſible to break out under the foundation; but Gefhardt had been ſo terrified, by the late accident, that he ſtarted a thouſand difficulties, in proportion as my end was more nearly accompliſhed; and, at the moment when I wiſhed to con-

concert with him the means of flight, he perſiſted it was neceſſary to find additional help, to eſcape in ſafety, and not bring both him and myſelf to deſtruction.—At length, we came to the following determination, which, however, after eight months inceſſant labour paſt, rendered my whole project abortive.

I wrote once more to Ruckhardt, at Vienna; ſent him a new aſſignment for money, and deſired he would again repair to Gummern, where he ſhould wait ſix ſeveral nights, with two ſpare horſes, on the glacis of Kloſterbergen, at the time appointed, every thing being prepared for flight. Within theſe ſix days, Gefhardt would have found means, either in rotation, or by exchanging the guard, to have been with me. Alas! the ſweet hope of again beholding the face of the ſun, of once more obtaining my freedom, en-

endured but three days: Providence thought proper otherwiſe to ordain. Gefhardt ſent his wife to Gummern, with the letter, and this ſilly woman told the poſt-maſter her huſband had a lawſuit at Vienna, that, therefore, ſhe begged he would take particular care of the letter, for which purpoſe ſhe ſlipped ten rix-dollars into his hand.

This unexpected liberality raiſed the ſuſpicions of the Saxon poſtmaſter, who, therefore, opened the letter, read the contents, and, inſtead of ſending it to Vienna, or at leaſt, to the general poſtmaſter at Dreſden, he preferred the traiterous act of taking it, himſelf, to the governor of Magdeburg, who then, as at preſent, was Prince Ferdinand of Brunſwic.

What were my terrors, what my deſpair, when I beheld the Prince himſelf, about three o'clock in the

after-

afternoon, enter my priſon, with his attendants, preſent my letter, and aſk, in an authoritative voice, who had carried it to Gummern. — My anſwer was, "I knew not." Strict ſearch was immediately made, by ſmiths, carpenters, and maſons, and, after half an hour's examination, they diſcovered neither my hole, nor the manner in which I diſencumbered myſelf of my chains: they only ſaw that the middle grating, in the aperture where the light was admitted, had been removed. This was boarded up the next day, and only a ſmall air-hole left, of about ſix inches diameter.

The Prince began to threaten; I perſiſted I had never ſeen the centinel, who had rendered me this ſervice, nor aſked his name. Seeing his attempts all ineffectual, the governor, in a milder tone, ſaid, "You have "ever complained, Baron Trenck,

"of

" of not having hitherto been legally
" ſentenced, or heard in your own
" defence; I give you my word of
" honour, this you ſhall be, and, alſo,
" that you ſhall be releaſed from
" your fetters, if you will only tell
" me who took your letter." To this
I replied, with all the fortitude of
innocence,——" Every body knows,
" my Lord, I have never deſerved
" the treatment I have met with, in
" my country. My heart is irre-
" proachable. I ſeek to recover
" my liberty by every means in my
" power; but were I capable of be-
" traying the man whoſe compaſ-
" ſion has induced him to ſuccour
" my diſtreſs; were I the coward
" that could purchaſe happineſs at
" his expence, I then ſhould, indeed,
" deſerve to wear theſe chains with
" which I am loaded. For myſelf,
" do with me what you pleaſe; yet
" remember I am not wholly deſ-
" titute

" titute, I am ſtill a captain in the " Imperial ſervice, and a deſcend- " ant of the houſe of Trenck."

Prince Ferdinand ſtood, for a moment, unable to anſwer, then renewed his threats, and left my dungeon. I have been ſince told that, when he was out of hearing, he ſaid to thoſe round him, " I pity his hard fate, " and cannot but admire his ſtrength " of mind!"

I muſt here remark that, when we remember the uſual circumſpection of this great man, we are obliged to wonder at his imprudence in holding a converſation of ſuch a kind with me, which laſted a conſiderable time, in the preſence of the guard. The ſoldiers of the whole garriſon had afterward the utmoſt confidence, as they were convinced I would not meanly devote others to deſtruction, that I might benefit myſelf. This

was

was the way to gain me eſteem and intercourſe among the men, eſpecially as the Duke had ſaid he knew I muſt have money concealed, for that I had diſtributed ſome to the centinels.

He had ſcarcely been gone an hour before I heard a noiſe near my priſon. I liſtened—What could it be? I heard talking, and learned a grenadier had hanged himſelf to the paliſadoes of my priſon!

The officer of the guard, and the town-major, again entered my dungeon to fetch a lanthorn they had forgotten, and the officer, at going out, told me, in a whiſper, "One of "your aſſociates has juſt hanged "himſelf."

It is impoſſible to impart my terror or ſenſations; I believed it could be only my kind, my honeſt Gefhardt. After many gloomy thoughts, and

lamenting the unhappy end of ſo worthy a fellow, I began to recollect what the prince had promiſed me, if I would diſcover my accomplice. I knocked at the door, deſired to ſpeak to the officer; he came to the window, and aſked what I wanted; I requeſted he would inform the governor that, if he would ſend me light, pen, ink, and paper, I would diſcover my whole ſecret.

Theſe were accordingly ſent; an hour's time was granted; the door was ſhut, and I left alone. I ſat myſelf down, began to write on my night-table, and was about to inſert the name of Gefhardt, but my blood thrilled, and ſhrunk back to my heart. I ſhuddered, roſe, went to the aperture of the window, and called, "Is there no man who, in com-"paſſion, will tell me the name of "him who has hanged himſelf, that

"I may deliver many others from "deſtruction!" The window was not nailed up till the next day, I, therefore, wrapped five piſtoles in a paper, threw them out, called to the centinel, and ſaid, "Friend, take "theſe, and ſave thy comrades; or, "go, betray me, and bring down "innocent blood upon thy head!"

The paper was taken up; a pauſe of ſilence enſued; I heard ſighs, and, preſently after, a low voice ſaid, "His "name is Schütz, he belonged to the "company of Ripps."——I had never heard the name before, or known the man, but I, however, immediately wrote SCHÜTZ, inſtead of Gefhardt. Having finiſhed the letter, I called the lieutenant, who took that and the light away, and again barred up the door of my dungeon. The duke, however, ſuſpected there muſt be ſome colluſion,

and every thing remained in the ſame ſtate; I obtained neither hearing nor court-martial. I learned, in the ſequel, the following circumſtances, which will diſplay the truth of this apparently incredible ſtory.

While I was impriſoned in the citadel, a centinel came to the poſt under my window, curſed and blaſphemed, exclaimed aloud—"Damn "the Pruſſian ſervice! If Trenck "only knew my mind, he would "not long continue in his infernal "hole!" I entered into diſcourſe with him, and he told me, if I could give him money to purchaſe a boat, in which he might croſs the Elbe, he would ſoon make my doors fly open, and ſet me free.

Money at that time I had none; but I gave him a diamond ſhirt buckle, worth five hundred florins, which I had concealed. I never heard

heard more from this man; he ſpoke to me no more. He often ſtood centinel over me, which I knew by his Weſtphalian dialect, and I as often addreſſed myſelf to him, but ineffectually, he would make no anſwer.

This Schütz muſt have ſold my buckle, and let his riches be ſeen, for, when the duke left me, the lieutenant on guard ſaid to him—"You muſt, certainly, be the raſcal "who carried Trenck's letter; you "have, for ſome time paſt, ſpent much "money, and we have ſeen you with "louis-d'ors. How came you by "them?" Schütz was terrified, his conſcience accuſed him, he imagined I ſhould betray him, he having deceived me. He, therefore, in the firſt agonies of deſpair, came to the paliſades, and hung himſelf before the door of my dungeon.

How wonderful is the hand of Providence! The wicked man fell a ſacrifice to his crime, after having eſcaped a whole year, and the faithful, the benevolent-hearted, Gefhardt was thereby ſaved.

The centinels were now doubled, that any intercourſe with them might be rendered more difficult. Gefhardt again ſtood guard, but he had ſcarcely opportunity, without danger, to ſpeak a few words: he thanked me for having preſerved him, wiſhed me better fortune, and told me the garriſon, in a few days, would take the field.

This was dreadful news: my whole plan was deſtroyed at a breath. I, however, ſoon recovered freſh hopes. The hole I had ſunken was not diſcovered: I had five hundred florins, candles, and implements.

The ſeven years war broke out about

about a week after, and the regiments took the field. Major Weyner came, for the laſt time, and committed me to the care of the new major of the militia, Bruckhauſen, who was one of the moſt ſurly and ſtupid of men. I ſhall often have occaſion to mention this man.

All the majors and lieutenants of the guard, who had treated me with compaſſion and eſteem, now departed, and I became an old priſoner in a new world. I acquired greater confidence, however, by remembering that both officers and men in the militia were much eaſier to gain over than in the regulars; the truth of which opinion was ſoon confirmed to me.

Four lieutenants were appointed, with their men, to mount guard at the Star-Fort in turn, and, before

a year had paſſed, three of them were in my intereſt.

The regiments had ſcarcely taken the field ere the new governor, General Borck, entered my priſon like what he was, an imperious, cruel tyrant. The King, in giving him the command, had informed him he muſt anſwer for my perſon with his head; he, therefore, had full power to treat me with whatever ſeverity he pleaſed.

Borck was a ſtupid man, of an unfeeling heart, the ſlave of deſpotic orders, and, as often as he thought it poſſible I might rid myſelf of my fetters, and eſcape, his heart palpitated with fear. In addition to this, he conſidered me as the vileſt of men and traitors, ſeeing his King had condemned me to impriſonment ſo cruel, and his barbarity toward me was thus the effect of character,

and

and meanneſs of ſoul. He entered my dungeon not as an officer, to viſit a brother officer in miſery, but as an executioner to a felon. Smiths then made their appearance, and a monſtrous iron collar, of a hand's breadth, was put round my neck, and connected with the chains of the feet by additional heavy links, as may be ſeen in the plate. My window was walled up, except a ſmall air-hole. He even, at length, took away my bed, gave me no ſtraw, and quitted me with a thouſand revilings on the Empreſs Queen, her whole army, and myſelf. In words, however, I was little in his debt, and he was enraged even to madneſs.

What my ſituation was under this additional load of tyranny, and the command of a man ſo void of human pity, the reader muſt imagine.

My greateſt good fortune conſiſted in the ability I ſtill had to diſencumber myſelf of all the irons that were connected with the ancle-rims, and the proviſion I had of light, paper, and implements; and, though it was, apparently, impoſſible I ſhould break out undiſcovered by both centinels, yet had I the remaining hope of gaining ſome officer, by money, who, as in Glatz, ſhould aſſiſt my eſcape.

Had the commands of the King been literally obeyed, eſcape would have been wholly impoſſible; for, by this, all communication would have been cut totally off with the centinels. To this effect the four keys of the four doors were each to be kept by different perſons; one with the governor, another with the town-major, the third with the major of the day, and the fourth with the lieutenant of

of the guard. I never could have found opportunity to have ſpoken with any one of them ſingly. Theſe commands, at firſt, were rigidly obſerved, with this exception, that the governor made his appearance only every week. Magdeburg became ſo full of priſoners that the town-major was obliged to deliver up his key to the major of the day, and the governor's viſitations wholly ſubſided, the citadel being an Engliſh mile and a half diſtant from the Star-Fort.

General Walrabe, * who had been a priſoner ever ſince the year 1746, was alſo at the Star-Fort, but he had

* Walrave (or Walrabe) had long been ſuſpected of partiality to Auſtria, he being a bigotted catholic. He was, at length, betrayed by a miſtreſs, for whoſe huſband (for ſhe was married) he had obtained the dignity of counſellor. Frederic, when he granted the

apartments, and three thouſand rix-dollars a year. The major of the day and the officers of the guard dined with him daily, and generally ſtaid till evening. Either from compaſſion, or a concurrence of fortunate circumſtances, theſe gentlemen entruſted the keys to the lieutenant on guard, by which means I could ſpeak with each of them alone when they made their viſit, and they themſelves, at length, ſought theſe opportunities. My conſequent undertakings I ſhall relate with all brevity, that I may not fatigue the reader with all the arts and inven-

the title, told Walrave it certainly became the miſtreſs of a general to have a counſellor for a huſband. He was ſuperintendent of the fortifications, and was confined, not, according to Fiſcher, in 1746, but in 1748, in a priſon himſelf had built at Magdeburg. T.

See Fiſcher Geſchichte Fried. II. Theil I. S. 265.

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tions of a wretched priſoner endeavouring to eſcape.

Borck had ſelected three majors and four lieutenants only for this ſervice, as thoſe he beſt could truſt. My ſituation was truly deplorable. The enormous iron round my neck pained me, and prevented motion, and I durſt not attempt to diſengage myſelf from the pendent chains till I had, for ſome months, carefully obſerved the mode of their examination, and which parts they ſuppoſed were perfectly ſecure. The cruelty of depriving me of my bed was ſtill greater: I was obliged to ſit upon the bare ground, and lean with my head againſt the damp wall. The chains that deſcended from the neck-collar were obliged to be ſupported firſt with one hand, and then with the other, for, if thrown behind, they would have ſtrangled me, and, if

hanging

hanging forward, occaſioned moſt exceſſive headachs. The bar between my hands held one down while leaning on my elbow; I ſupported with the other my chains, and this ſo benumbed the muſcles, and prevented circulation, that I could perceive my arms ſenſibly waſte away. The little ſleep I could have in ſuch a ſituation may eaſily be ſuppoſed, and, at length, body and mind ſunk under this accumulation of miſerable ſuffering, and I fell ill of a burning fever.

The tyrant Borck was inexorable; he wiſhed to expedite my death, and rid himſelf of his troubles and his terrors. Here did I experience what was the lamentable condition of a ſick priſoner, without bed, refreſhment, or aid from human being. Reaſon, fortitude, heroiſm, all the noble qualities of the mind, decay when

when the corporal faculties are diſeaſed, and the remembrance of my ſufferings, at this dreadful moment, ſtill agitates, ſtill inflames, my blood ſo as almoſt to prevent an attempt to deſcribe what they were.

Yet hope had not totally forſaken me. Deliverance ſeemed poſſible, eſpecially, ſhould peace enſue; and I ſuſtained, perhaps, what mortal man never bore, except myſelf, being, as I was, provided with piſtols, or any ſuch immediate mode of diſpatch.

I continued ill about two months, and was ſo reduced, at laſt, that I had ſcarcely ſtrength to lift the water-jug to my mouth. What muſt the ſufferings of that man be who ſits two months on the bare ground in a dungeon ſo damp, ſo dark, ſo horrible, without bed or ſtraw, his limbs loaded as mine were, with no refreſhment but dry ammunition bread,

bread, without ſo much as a drop of broth, without phyſic, without conſoling friend, and who, under all theſe afflictions, muſt truſt, for his recovery, to the efforts of nature alone!

Sickneſs itſelf is ſufficient to humble the mightieſt mind; what then is ſickneſs, with ſuch addition of torment? The burning fever, the violent headachs, my neck, ſwelled and inflamed with the irons, enraged me almoſt to madneſs. The fever, and the fetters, together, flead my body ſo that it appeared like one continued wound—Enough! Enough! ——The malefactor extended living on the wheel, to whom the cruel executioner refuſes the laſt ſtroke, the blow of death, muſt yet, in ſome ſhort period, expire: he ſuffers nothing I did not then ſuffer, and theſe my excruciating pangs continued

nued two dreadful months——— Yet, can it be ſuppoſed? There came a day!——A day of horror, when theſe mortal pangs were, beyond imagination, increaſed! I ſat, ſcorched with this intolerable fever, in which nature and death were contending, and, when attempting to quench my burning entrails with cold water, the jug dropped from my feeble hands, and broke! I had four and twenty hours to remain without water. So intolerable, ſo devouring, was my thirſt, I could have drank human blood! Ay, in my madneſs, had it been the blood of my father!

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Willingly would I have ſeized my piſtols, but ſtrength had forſaken me; I could not open the place I was obliged to render ſo ſecure.

My viſitors, next day, ſuppoſed me gone at laſt—I lay motionleſs, with

with my tongue out of my mouth. They poured water down my throat, and found life.

Oh God! Oh God! How pure, how delicious, how exquiſite, was this water! — My inſatiable thirſt ſoon emptied the jug; they filled it anew, bade me farewel, hoped death would ſoon relieve my mortal ſufferings, and departed.

The lamentable ſtate in which I lay, at length, became ſo much the ſubject of general converſation that all the ladies of the town united with the officers, and prevailed on the tyrant, Borck, to reſtore me my bed.

Oh Nature, what are thy operations? From the day I drank water in ſuch exceſs, I gathered ſtrength, and, to the aſtoniſhment of every one, ſoon recovered.——I had moved the heart of the officer who inſpected my priſon;

priſon; and, after ſix months, ſix cruel months, of added miſery, the day of hope again began to dawn.

One of the majors of the day entruſted his key to Lieutenant Sonntag, who came alone, ſpoke in confidence, and related his own ſituation, complained of his debts, his poverty, his neceſſities; and I made him a preſent of twenty-five louis-d'ors, for which he was ſo grateful that our friendſhip became unſhaken.

The three lieutenants all commiſerated me, and would ſit hours with me, when a certain major had the inſpection; and he himſelf, after a time, would even paſs half the day with me. He, too, was poor; and I gave him a draft for three thouſand florins: hence new projects took birth.

Money became neceſſary; I had diſperſed all I poſſeſſed, a hundred florins

florins excepted, among the officers. The eldeſt ſon of Captain K——, who officiated as major, had been caſhiered: his father complained to me of his diſtreſs, and I ſent him to my ſiſter, not far from Berlin, from whom he received a hundred ducats. He returned, and related her joy at hearing from me. He found her exceedingly ill, and ſhe informed me, in a few lines, that my misfortunes, and the treachery of Weingarten, had entailed poverty upon her, and an illneſs which had endured more than two years. She wiſhed me a happy deliverance from my chains, and, in expectation of death, committed her children to my protection. She, however, grew better, and married a ſecond time, Colonel Pape; but died in the year 1758. I ſhall forbear to relate her hiſtory; it, indeed, does no honour

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to the aſhes of Frederic, and would but leſs diſpoſe my own heart to forgiveneſs, by reviving the memory of her oppreſſions and griefs.

K——n returned, happy, with the money: all things were concerted with the father. I wrote to the Counteſs Beſtuchef, alſo to the Grand Duke, afterwards Peter III. recommended the young ſoldier, and entreated every poſſible ſuccour for myſelf.

K——n departed, through Hamburg, for Peterſburg, where, in conſequence of my recommendation, he became a captain, and, in a ſhort time, major. He took his meaſures ſo well that I, by the intervention of his father, and a Hamburg merchant, received two thouſand rubles from the Counteſs, while the ſervice he rendered me made his own fortune in Ruſſia.

To old K——, who was as poor as he was honeſt, I gave three hundred ducats; and he, till death, continued my grateful friend. I diſtributed nearly as much to the other officers; and matters proceeded ſo far that Lieutenant Glotin gave back the keys to the major without locking my priſon, himſelf paſſing half the night with me. Money was given to the guard to drink, and thus every thing ſucceeded to my wiſh, and the tyrant, Borck, was deceived. I had a ſupply of light; had books, newſpapers, and my days paſſed ſwiftly away. I read, I wrote, I buſied myſelf ſo thoroughly that I almoſt forgot I was a priſoner.—When, indeed, the ſurly, dull blockhead, Major Bruckhauſen, had the inſpection, every thing muſt be carefully reinſtated. Major Z——, the ſecond of the three, was alſo wholly mine.

mine. He was particularly attached to me, for I had promiſed to marry his daughter, and, ſhould I die in priſon, bequeathed him a legacy of ten thouſand florins.

Lieutenant Sonntag got falſe hand-cuffs made for me, that were ſo wide I could eaſily draw my hands out; the lieutenants, only, examined my irons; the new hand-cuffs were made perfectly ſimilar to the old, and Bruckhauſen had too much ſtupidity to remark any difference.

The remainder of my chains I could diſencumber myſelf of at pleaſure. When I exerciſed myſelf, I held them in my hands, that the centinels might be deceived by their clanking. The neck-iron was the only one I durſt not remove; it was, likewiſe, too ſtrongly riveted. I filed through the upper link of the pendent chain however, by which means

I could

I could take it off, and this I concealed with bread in the manner before mentioned.

So could I diſencumber myſelf of moſt of my fetters, and ſleep at eaſe. I again obtained ſauſages and cold meat, and thus my ſituation, bad as it ſtill was, became leſs miſerable. — Liberty, ſtill, however, was moſt deſirable: but, alas! not one of the three lieutenants had the courage of a Schell: Saxony, too, was in the hands of the Pruſſians, and flight, therefore, more dangerous.— Perſuaſion was in vain, with men determined to riſk nothing, but, if they went, to go in ſafety. Will, indeed, was not wanting in Glotin and Sonntag; but the firſt was a poltroon, and the latter a man of ſcruples, who, likewiſe, thought this ſtep might be the ruin of his brother in Berlin.

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The centinels were doubled, therefore my eſcape through my hole, which had been two years dug, could not, unperceived by them, be effected; ſtill leſs could I, in face of the guard, clamber the twelve-feet high paliſadoes. The following labour, therefore, though Herculean, was undertaken.

Lieutenant Sonntag, meaſuring the interval, between the hole I had dug and the entrance of the gallery in the principal rampart, found it to be thirty-ſeven feet. Into this, it was poſſible, I might, by mining, penetrate. The difficulty of the enterpriſe was leſſened by the nature of the ground, a fine white ſand. — Could I reach the gallery, my freedom was certain. I had been informed how many ſteps to the right or left muſt be taken, to find the

door that led to the ſecond rampart: and, on the day when I ſhould be ready for flight, the officer was, ſecretly, to leave this door open. I had light, and mining tools, and I was further to rely on money and my own diſcretion.

I began and continued this labour about ſix months. I have already noticed the difficulty of ſcraping out the earth with my hands. The noiſe of inſtruments would have been heard by the centinels; I had ſcarcely mined beyond my dungeon wall before I diſcovered the foundation of the rampart was not more than a foot deep, a capital error, certainly, in ſo important a fortreſs. My labour became the lighter as I could remove the foundation ſtones of my dungeon, and was not obliged to mine ſo deep.

My work, at firſt, proceeded ſo rapidly

rapidly that, while I had room to throw back my ſand, I was able, in one night, to gain three feet; but ere I had proceeded ten feet I diſcovered all my difficulties. Before I could continue my work, I was obliged to make room for myſelf, by emptying the ſand out of my hole upon the floor of the priſon, and this itſelf was an employment of ſome hours. The ſand was obliged to be thrown out by the hand, and, after it thus lay heaped in my priſon, muſt be again returned into the hole, and I have calculated that, after I had proceeded twenty feet, I was obliged to creep under ground, in my hole, from fifteen hundred to two thouſand fathoms, within twenty-four hours, in the removal and replacing of the ſand. This labour ended, care was to be taken that, in

none of the crevices of the floor, there might be any appearance of this fine white ſand. The flooring was next to be exactly replaced, and my chains to be reſumed. So ſevere was the fatigue of one day, in this mode, that I was always obliged to reſt the three following.

To reduce my labour, as much as poſſible, I was conſtrained to make the paſſage ſo ſmall that my body only had ſpace to paſs, and I had not room to draw my arm back to my head. The work too muſt all be done naked, otherwiſe the dirtineſs of my ſhirt muſt have been remarked: the ſand was wet, water being found at the depth of four feet, where the ſtratum of gravel began. At length, the expedient of ſand bags occurred to me; by which it might be removed out and in more expeditiouſly. I obtained linen from

the officers, but not in ſufficient quantities; ſuſpicions would have been excited at obſerving ſo much linen brought into the priſon. At laſt, I took my ſheets, and the ticking that incloſed my ſtraw, and cut them up for ſand bags, taking care to lie down on my bed, as if ill, when Bruckhauſen paid his viſits.

The labour, toward the concluſion, became ſo intolerable as to incite deſpondency. I frequently ſat contemplating the heaps of ſand, during a momentary reſpite from work, and, thinking it impoſſible I could have ſtrength or time again to replace all things as they were, reſolving patiently to wait the conſequence, and leave every thing in its preſent diſorder. No, I can aſſure the reader that, to effect concealment, I have ſcarcely had time, in twenty-four hours, to ſit down and eat a

morſel of bread. — Recollecting, however, the prodigious efforts, and all the progreſs I had made, hope would again revive, and exhauſted ſtrength return; again would I begin my labours, that I might preſerve my ſecret and my expectations: yet has it frequently happened that my viſitors have entered a few minutes after I had reinſtated every thing in its place.

When my work was within ſix or ſeven feet of being accompliſhed, a new misfortune happened that at once fruſtrated all further attempts. I worked, as I have ſaid, under the foundation of the rampart near where the centinels ſtood. I could diſencumber myſelf of my fetters, except my neck-collar, and its pendent chain. This, as I worked, though it had been faſtened, got looſe, and the clanking was heard by one of the

the centinels about fifteen feet from my dungeon. The officer was called, they laid their ears to the ground, and heard me as I went backward and forward to bring my earth bags. This was reported the next day, and the major, who was my beſt friend, with the town-major, and a ſmith and maſon, entered my priſon. I was terrified. The lieutenant, by a ſign, gave me to underſtand I was diſcovered. An examination was begun, but the officers would not ſee, and the ſmith and maſon found every thing, as they thought, ſafe. Had they examined my bed, they would have ſeen the ticking and ſheets were gone.

The town-major was a dull man, was perſuaded the thing was impoſſible, and ſaid to the centinel, "Blockhead! You have heard ſome "mole under ground, and not

" Trenck. How, indeed, could it " be, that he ſhould work under " ground at ſuch a diſtance from " his dungeon?" Here the ſcrutiny ended.

There was now no time for delay. Had they altered their hour of coming, they muſt have found me at work; but this, during ten years, never happened, for the governor and town-major were ſtupid men, and the others, wiſhing me all ſucceſs, were wilfully blind. In a few days I could have broken out, but, when prepared, wiſhed to wait for the viſitation day of the man who had treated me ſo tyrannically, Bruckhauſen, that his own negligence might be evident, but this man, though he wanted underſtanding, did not want good fortune. He was ill for ſome time, and his duty devolved on K——.

He

He recovered, and, the viſitation being over, the doors were no ſooner barred than I began my ſuppoſed laſt labour. I had only three feet farther to proceed, and it was no longer neceſſary I ſhould bring out the ſand, I having room enough to throw it behind me. What my anxiety was, what my exertions were, may well be imagined. My evil genius, however, had decreed that the ſame centinel, who had heard me before, ſhould be that day on guard. He was piqued, by vanity, to prove he was not the blockhead he had been called: he, therefore, again laid his ear to the ground, and again heard me burrowing. He called his comrades firſt, next the major: he came, and heard me likewiſe; accordingly, they went without the paliſadoes, and heard me working near the door, at which place I was to break

into the gallery. This door they immediately opened, entered the gallery with lanthorns, and waited to catch the hunted fox when unearthed.

Through the firſt ſmall breach I made, I perceived a light, and ſaw the heads of thoſe who were expecting me. This was, indeed, a thunder ſtroke! — I crept back, made my way through the ſand I had caſt behind me, and awaited my fate with ſhuddering! I had ſtill the preſence of mind to conceal my piſtols, candles, paper, and ſome money, under the floor, which I could remove.— The money was diſpoſed of in various holes, well concealed, alſo between the pannels of the doors; and, under different cracks in the floor, I hid my ſmall files and knives.

Scarcely were theſe diſpoſed of before the doors reſounded; the floor was

was covered with ſand and ſand bags; my hand-cuffs, however, and the ſeparating bar, I had haſtily reſumed, that they might ſuppoſe I had worked with them on, which they were ſilly enough to credit, highly to my future advantage.

No man was more buſy on this occaſion than the brutal and ſtupid Bruckhauſen, who put many interrogatories, to which I made no reply, except aſſuring him that I ſhould have completed my work ſome days ſooner, had it not been his good fortune to fall ſick, and that this only had been the cauſe of my failure.

The man was abſolutely terrified with apprehenſion: he began to fear me, grew more polite, and even ſuppoſed nothing was impoſſible to me.

It was too late to remove the ſand, therefore, the lieutenant and guard continued with me, ſo that this night, at leaſt, I did not want company. When the morning came, the hole was firſt filled and walled up; the planking was renewed. The tyrant Borck was ill, and could not come, otherwiſe my treatment would have been ſtill more lamentable. The ſmiths had ended before the evening, and the irons were heavier than ever. The foot chains, inſtead of being faſtened as before, were ſerewed and rivetted; all things elſe remained as formerly. They were employed in the flooring till the next day, ſo that I could not ſleep, and at laſt I ſank down with wearineſs.

The greateſt of my misfortunes was, they again deprived me of my bed, becauſe I had cut it up for

ſand

ſand bags. Before the doors were barred, Bruckhauſen, and another major examined my body very narrowly. They often had aſked me, where I concealed all my implements? My anſwer was, "Gentlemen, Beelzebub is my beſt and "moſt intimate friend; he brings "me every thing I want, ſupplies "me with light, we play whole "nights at piquet, and, guard me "as you pleaſe, he will finally deli-"ver me out of your power."

Some were aſtoniſhed, others laughed. At length, as they were barring the laſt door, I called, "Come back, gentlemen! You have "forgotten ſomething of great im-"portance." In the interim I had taken up one of my hidden files. When they returned, "Look ye, "gentlemen," ſaid I, "here is a proof "of the friendſhip Beelzebub has

"for

"for me; he has brought me this "in a twinkling." Again they examined, and again they ſhut their doors. While they were ſo doing, I took out a knife, and ten louis-d'ors, called, and they returned, grumbling curſes: I then ſhowed them the knife and the louis-d'ors. Their conſternation was exceſſive; and I diverted my misfortunes, by jeſting at ſuch blundering, ſhort-ſighted, keepers. It was ſoon rumoured through Magdeburg, eſpecially among the ſimple and the vulgar, that I was a magician, to whom the devil brought all I aſked.

One Major Holtzkammer, a very ſelfiſh man, profited by this report. A fooliſh citizen had offered him fifty dollars, if he might only be permitted to ſee me through the door, being very deſirous to have a peep at a wizard. Holtzkammer told

told me, and we jointly determined to ſport with his credulity. The major gave me a maſk, with a monſtrous noſe, which I put on when the doors were opening, and threw myſelf into a heroic attitude. The affrighted Burger drew back, but Holtzkammer ſtopped him, and ſaid, have patience but for ſome quarter of an hour, and you ſhall ſee he will aſſume quite a different countenance. The Burger waited, my maſk was thrown by, and my face appeared whitened with chalk, and made ghaſtly. The Burger again ſhrank back; Holtzkammer kept him in converſation, and I aſſumed a third farcical form. I tied my hair under my noſe, and a pewter diſh to my breaſt, and, when the door a third time opened, I thundered, "Begone, "raſcals, or I'll ſet your necks "awry!" They both ran, and the

ſilly

ſilly Burger, eaſed of his fifty dollars, ſcampered firſt.

The major in vain laid his injunctions on the Burger never to reveal what he had beheld, it being a breach of duty in him to admit any perſon whatever to the ſight of me. In a few days, the necromancer Trenck was the theme of every alehouſe in Magdeburg, and the perſon was named who had ſeen me change my form thrice in the ſpace of one hour. Many falſe and ridiculous circumſtances were added, and at laſt the ſtory reached the governor's ears. The citizen was cited, and offered to take his oath to the truth of what himſelf, and the major, had ſeen. Holtzkammer, accordingly, ſuffered a ſevere reprimand, and was ſome days put under arreſt. We frequently laughed, however, at this adventure, which had rendered me

ſo

ſo much the ſubject of converſation. Miraculous reports were the more eaſily credited, becauſe no one could comprehend how, in deſpite of the load of irons I carried, and all the vigilance of my guards, I ſhould be continually able to make new attempts, while thoſe appointed to examine my dungeon ſeemed, as it were, blinded and bewildered. A proof, this, how eaſy it is to deceive the credulous, and whence have originated witchcraft, prophecies, and miracles.

My laſt undertaking had employed me more than twelve months, and ſo weakened me that I appeared little better than a ſkeleton. Notwithſtanding the greatneſs of my ſpirit, I ſhould have ſunken into deſpondency, at ſeeing an end, like this, to all my labours, had I not ſtill cheriſhed a ſecret hope of eſcaping, founded

founded on the friends I had gained among the officers.

I ſoon felt the effects of the loſs of my bed, and was a ſecond time attacked by a violent fever, which would this time, certainly, have conſumed me, had not the officers, unknown to the governor, treated me with all poſſible compaſſion. Bruckhauſen, alone, continued my enemy, and the ſlave of his orders: on his day of examination, rules and commands, in all their rigour, were obſerved, nor durſt I free myſelf from my irons, till I had for ſome weeks remarked thoſe parts on which he invariably fixed his attention. I then cut through the link, and cloſed up the vacancy with bread. My hands I could always draw out, eſpecially, after illneſs had conſumed the fleſh off my bones. Half a year had elapſed, before I had recovered

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ſufficient ſtrength to undertake, anew, labours like the paſt.

Neceſſity, at length, taught me the means of driving Bruckhauſen from my dungeon, and of inducing him to commit his office to another. I learnt his olfactory nerves were ſomewhat delicate, and, whenever I heard the doors unbar, I took care to make a ſtir in my night-table. This made him give back, and at length he would come no farther than the door. Such are the hard expedients of a poor, unhappy, priſoner!

One day he came, bloated with pride, juſt after a courier had brought the news of victory, and ſpoke of the Auſtrians, and the auguſt perſon of the Empreſs-Queen, with ſo much virulence that, at laſt, enraged almoſt to madneſs, I ſnatched the ſword of an officer from its ſheath,

and

and ſhould certainly have ended him, had he not made a haſty retreat. From that day forward he durſt no more come without guards to examine the dungeon. Two men always preceded him, with their bayonets fixed, and their pieces preſented, behind whom he ſtood at the door. This was another fortunate incident, as I dreaded only his examination.

The following anecdote will afford a ſpecimen of this man's underſtanding. While digging in the earth, I found a cannon ball, and laid it in the middle of my priſon. When he came to examine—"What, in "the name of God, is that?" ſaid he. "It is a part of the ammu-"nition," anſwered I, "that my "Familiar brings me. The cannon "will be here anon, and you will "then ſee fine ſport!" He was aſtoniſhed, told this to others, nor could

could conceive ſuch a ball might by any natural means enter my priſon.

I wrote a ſatire on him, when the late Landgrave of Heſſe-Caſſel was governor of Magdeburg, and I had permiſſion to write, as will hereafter appear: the Landgrave gave it to him, to read himſelf; and, ſo groſs was his conception, that, though his own phraſeology was introduced, part of his hiſtory, and his character painted, yet did he not perceive the jeſt, but laughed heartily with the hearers. The Landgrave was highly diverted, and, after I obtained my freedom, reſtored me the manuſcript, written in my own blood.

About the time that my laſt attempt at eſcaping failed, General Kruſemarck came to my priſon, whom I had formerly lived with in habits of intimacy, when cornet of the body-guard.

guard. Without teſtifying friendſhip, eſteem, or compaſſion, he aſked, among other things, in an authoritative tone, how I could employ my time to prevent tediouſneſs. I anſwered in as haughty a mood as he interrogated; for never could misfortune bend my mind. I told him, "I always could find ſources of entertainment in my own thoughts, "and that, as for my dreams, I imagined they would, at leaſt, be as "peaceful and pleaſant as thoſe of "my oppreſſors,"—"Had you, in "time," replied he, "curbed this "fervor of yours, had you aſked "pardon of the King, perhaps you "would have been in very different "circumſtances; but he, who has "committed an offence in which he "obſtinately perſiſts, endeavouring "only to obtain freedom by ſeduc-

"ing

" ing men from their duty, deſerves
" no better fate."

Juſtly was my anger rouſed!—
" Sir," anſwered I, " you are a gene-
" ral of the King of Pruſſia, I am an
" Auſtrian captain.—My royal miſ-
" treſs will protect, perhaps deliver
" me, or at leaſt revenge my death.
" I have a conſcience void of re-
" proach. You, yourſelf, well know
" I have not deſerved theſe chains.
" I place my hope in time, and the
" juſtneſs of my cauſe, calumniated
" and condemned, as I have been,
" without legal ſentence or hearing.
" In ſuch a ſituation the philoſopher
" will always be able to brave and
" deſpiſe the tyrant."

He departed with threats, and his laſt words were—" The bird ſhall
" ſoon be taught to ſing another
" tune."—The effects of this courteous viſit were ſoon felt. An order

came

came that I ſhould be prevented ſleeping, and that the centinels ſhould call, and wake me, every quarter of an hour, which dreadful order was immediately executed.

This was, indeed, a puniſhment intolerable to nature! Yet did cuſtom, at length, teach me to anſwer in my ſleep. Four years did this unheard-of cruelty continue! The noble Landgrave of Heſſe-Caſſel, at length, put an end to it, a year before I was releaſed from my dungeon, and once again, in mercy, ſuffered me to ſleep in peace.

Under this new affliction I wrote an Elegy, which may be found in the ſecond volume of my works, a few lines of which I ſhall cite.

Wake me, ye guards, for hark, the quarter ſtrikes!
Sport with my woes, laugh loud at my miſeries!
Hearken if you hear my chains clank! Knock! Beat!
Of an inexorable Tyrant be ye

Th'

Th' inexorable inſtruments! Wake me, ye ſlaves;
Ye do but as you're bade. Soon ſhall he lie
Sleepleſs, or, dreaming, the ſpectres of conſcience
Behold and ſhriek, who me deprives of reſt.

Wake me! Again the quarter ſtrikes! Call, loud!
Rip up all my bleeding wounds, and ſhrink not!
Yet, think, 'tis I that anſwer, God that hears!
To every wretch in chains ſleep is permitted:
I, I, alone, am robb'd of this laſt refuge
Of ſinking nature! Hark! Again they thunder!
Again they iterate yells o Trenck and death!

Peace to thy anger, peace thou ſuffering heart,
Nor indignant beat, adding tenfold pangs to pain.

Ye burthened limbs ariſe from momentary
Slumbers! Shake your chains! Murmur not, but riſe!
And ye! Watch-dogs of power! let looſe your rage:
Fear not, for I am helpleſs, unprotected.
And, yet, not ſo—The noble mind, within
Itſelf, reſources finds innumerable.
Thou, Oh God, thought'ſt good me t' impriſon thus;
Thou, Oh God, in thy good time, wilt me deliver.

Wake me then, nor fear! My ſoul ſlumbers not.
And who can ſay but thoſe who fetter me
May, ere to-morrow, groan themſelves in fetters?
Wake me! For lo! their ſleep's leſs ſweet than mine.
Call! Call! From night to morn, from twilight to dawn
Inceſſant! Yea, in God's name, Call! Call! Call!
Amen! Amen! Thy will, Oh God, be done!
Yet ſurely thou at length ſhalt hear my ſighs!
Shalt burſt my priſon doors! Shalt ſhew me fair
Creation! Yea the very heav'n of heav'ns.

With whom theſe orders originated, unexampled in the hiſtory even of tyranny, I ſhall not venture to ſay. The major, who was my friend, adviſed me to perſiſt in not anſwering. I followed his advice, and it produced this good effect that we mutually forced each other to a capitulation: they reſtored me my bed, and I was obliged to reply.

Immediately after this regulation, the ſub-governor, General Borck, my bitter enemy, became inſane, was diſpoſſeſſed of his poſt, and Lieutenant-colonel Reichmann, the benevolent friend of humanity, was made ſub-governor.

About the ſame time the court fled from Berlin, and the Queen, the Prince of Pruſſia, the Princeſs Amelia, and the Margrave Henry, choſe Magdeburg for their reſidence. Bruckhauſen grew more polite, probably,

bably, perceiving I was not wholly deſerted, and that it was yet poſſible I might obtain my freedom. The cruel are, uſually, cowards, and there is reaſon to ſuppoſe Bruckhauſen was actuated by his fears to treat me with greater reſpect.

The worthy new governor had not, indeed, the power to lighten my chains, or alter the general regulations: what he could he did. If he did not command, he connived at the doors being, occaſionally, at firſt, and, at length, daily, kept open ſome hours, to admit day-light and freſh air. After a time they were open the whole day, and only cloſed by the officers when they returned from their viſit to Walrabe.

Having light, I began to carve, with a nail, on the pewter cup in which I drank, ſatirical verſes and various figures, and attained ſo

much perfection that my cups, at laſt, were conſidered as maſterpieces, both of engraving and invention, and were ſold dear as rare curioſities. My firſt attempts were rude, as may well be imagined. My cup was carried to town, and ſhown to viſitors by the governor, who ſent me another. I improved, and each of the inſpecting officers wiſhed to poſſeſs one. I grew more expert, and ſpent a whole year in this employment, which thus paſſed ſwiftly away. The perfection I had now acquired obtained me the permiſſion of candle-light, and this continued till I was reſtored to freedom.

The King gave orders theſe cups ſhould all be inſpected by government, becauſe I wiſhed, by my verſes and devices, to inform the world of my fate. But this command was not obeyed; the officers made

made merchandize of my cups, and ſold them, at laſt, for twelve ducats each. Their value increaſed ſo much, when I was releaſed from priſon, that they are now to be found in various muſeums throughout Europe. Twelve years ago the late Landgrave of Heſſe-Caſſel preſented one of them to my wife; and another came, in a very unaccountable manner, from the Queen Dowager of Pruſſia, to Paris. I have given prints of both theſe, with the verſes they contained, in my works; whence it may be ſeen how artificially they were engraved.

A third fell into the hands of Prince Auguſtus Lobkowitz, then a priſoner of war at Magdeburg, who, on his return to Vienna, preſented it to the Emperor, who placed it in his muſeum. Among other devices on this cup was a landſcape, repre-

ſenting a vineyard and huſbandmen, and under it the following words: *By my labours my vineyard flouriſhed, and I hoped to have gathered the fruit; but Ahab came. Alas! for Naboth.*

The alluſion was ſo pointed, both to the wrongs done me in Vienna and my ſufferings in Pruſſia, that it made a very ſtrong impreſſion on the Empreſs-Queen, who, immediately, commanded her miniſter to make every exertion for my deliverance. She would, probably, at laſt, have even reſtored me to my eſtates, had not the poſſeſſors of them been ſo powerful, or, had ſhe herſelf lived one year longer. To theſe my engraved cups was I indebted for being once more remembered at Vienna. On the ſame cup, alſo, was another engraving of a bird in a cage, held by a Turk, with the following inſcription: *The bird*

bird ſings even in the ſtorm; open his cage, break his fetters, ye friends of virtue, and his ſongs ſhall be the delight of your abodes!

There is another remarkable circumſtance attending theſe cups. All were forbidden, under pain of death, to hold converſation with me, or to ſupply me with pen and ink; yet, by this open permiſſion of writing what I pleaſed on pewter, was I enabled to inform the world of all I wiſhed, and to prove a man of merit was oppreſſed. The difficulties of this engraving will be conceived when it is remembered that I worked, by candle-light, on ſhining pewter, attained the art of giving light and ſhade, and, by practice, could divide a cup, into two and thirty compartments, as regularly with a ſtroke of the hand as with a pair of compaſſes. The writing was ſo minute that it could

be only read with glaſſes. I could uſe but one hand, both being ſeparated by the bar, and, therefore, held the cup between my knees. My ſole inſtrument was a ſharpened nail, yet did I write two lines on the rim only.

My labour became ſo exceſſive that I was in danger of diſtraction or blindneſs. Every body wiſhed for cups, and I wiſhed to oblige every body, ſo that I worked eighteen hours a day. The reflection of the light from the pewter was injurious to my eyes, and the labour of invention for appoſite ſubjects and verſes was moſt fatiguing. I had learnt only architectural drawing.

Enough of theſe cups, which procured me ſo much honour, ſo many advantages, and helped to ſhorten ſo many mournful hours. My greateſt incumbrance was the huge

iron

iron collar, with its enormous appendages, which, when ſuffered to preſs the arteries in the back of my neck, occaſioned intolerable headachs. I ſat too much, and a third time fell ſick. A Brunſwic ſauſage, ſecretly given me by a friend, occaſioned an indigeſtion, which endangered my life; a putrid fever followed, and my body was reduced to a ſkeleton. Medicines, however, were conveyed to me by the officers, and, now and then, warm food.

After my recovery I again thought it neceſſary to endeavour to regain my liberty. I had but forty louisd'ors remaining, and theſe I could not get till I had firſt broken up the flooring.

Lieutenant Sonntag was conſumptive, and obtained his diſcharge. I ſupplied him with money to defray the expences of his journey, and

with an order that four hundred florins ſhould be annually paid him, from my effects, till his death, or my releaſe. I commiſſioned him to ſeek an audience from the Empreſs, endeavour to excite her compaſſion in my behalf, and to remit me four thouſand florins, for which I gave a proper acquittance, by the way of Hamburg. The money-draft was addreſſed to my adminiſtrators, counſellors Kempf and Huttner.

But no one, alas, in Vienna wiſhed my return: they had already begun to ſhare my property, of which they never rendered me an account. Poor Sonntag was arreſted as a ſpy, impriſoned, ill treated for ſome weeks, and, at laſt, when naked and deſtitute, received a hundred florins, and was eſcorted beyond the Auſtrian confines. The worthy man fell a ſhameful ſacrifice to his honeſty,

could

could never obtain an audience of the Empreſs, and returned, poor and miſerable, on foot, to Berlin, where he was twelve months ſecretly maintained by his brother, and with whom he died. He wrote an account of all this to the good Knoblauch, my Hamburg agent, and I, from my ſmall ſtore, ſent him a hundred ducats.

How much muſt I deſpair of finding any place of refuge on earth, hearing accounts like theſe from Vienna!

A friend, whom I will never name, by the aid of one of the lieutenants, ſecretly viſited me, and ſupplied me with ſix hundred ducats. The ſame friend, in the year 1763, paid four thouſand florins to the imperial envoy, Baron Riedt, at Berlin, for the furthering of my freedom, as I

ſhall, preſently, more fully ſhew. Thus I had once more money.

About this time the French army advanced to within five miles of Magdeburg. This important fortreſs was, at that time, the key of the whole Pruſſian power. It required a garriſon of ſixteen thouſand men, and contained not more than fifteen hundred. The French might have marched in unoppoſed, and at once have put an end to the war. The officers brought me all the news, and my hopes roſe as they approached.——What was my aſtoniſhment when the major informed me three waggons had entered the town in the night, had been ſent back loaded with money, and that the French were retreating! This, I can aſſure my readers, on my honour, is literally truth, to the eternal diſgrace of the French general. The major,

who

who informed me, was himſelf an eye-witneſs of the fact. It was pretended the money was for the army of the King, but every body could gueſs whither it was going; it left the town without a convoy, and the French were then in the neighbourhood. Such were the allies of Maria Thereſa! The receivers of this money are known in Paris. Not only were my hopes this way fruſtrated, but in Ruſſia likewiſe, where the Counteſs of Beſtuchef, and the chancellor, were fallen into diſgrace.

I now imagined another, and indeed a fearful and dangerous, project. The garriſon of Magdeburg, at this moment, conſiſted but of nine hundred militia, who were diſcontented men. Two majors and two lieutenants were in my intereſt. The guard of the Star-Fort amounted but to a hundred and fifteen men. Fronting the

the gate of this fort was the town-gate, guarded only by twelve men and an inferior officer; beſide theſe lay the caſemates, in which were ſeven thouſand Croat priſoners. Baron K——y, a captain, and priſoner of war, alſo was in our intereſt, and would hold his comrades ready, at a certain place and time, to ſupport my undertaking. Another friend was, under ſome pretence, to hold his company ready, with their muſkets loaded, and the plan was ſuch that I ſhould have had four hundred men in arms, to carry it into execution.

The officer was to have placed the two men we moſt ſuſpected, and feared, as centinels over me; he was to command them to take away my bed, and, when encumbered, I was to ſpring out, and ſhut them in the priſon. Clothing and arms were to have been procured, and brought me into my priſon;

ſon; the town-gate was to have been ſurpriſed; I was to have run to the caſemate, and called to the Croats, "Trenck! To arms!" My friends, at the ſame inſtant, were to break forth, and the plan was ſo well concerted that it could not have failed. Magdeburg, the magazine of the army, the royal treaſury, arſenal, all would have been mine; and ſixteen thouſand men, who were then priſoners of war, would have enabled me to keep poſſeſſion.

The moſt eſſential ſecret, by which all this was to have been effected, I dare not reveal; ſuffice it to ſay, every thing was provided for, every thing ſecure; I ſhall only add that the garriſon, in the harveſt months, was exceedingly weakened, becauſe the farmers paid the captains a florin per man each day, and the men, for their labour, likewiſe,

to

to obtain hands. The ſub-governor connived at the practice.

One Lieutenant G—— procured a furlough, to viſit his friends; but, ſupplied by me with money, he went to Vienna. I furniſhed him with a letter, addreſſed to Counſellors Kempf and Huttner, including a draft for two thouſand ducats; wherein I ſaid that, by theſe means, I ſhould not only ſoon be at liberty but in poſſeſſion of the fortreſs of Magdeburg; and that the bearer was intruſted with the reſt.

The lieutenant came ſafe to Vienna, underwent a thouſand interrogatories, and his name was repeatedly aſked. This, fortunately, he concealed. They adviſed him not to be concerned in ſo dangerous an undertaking; told him I had not ſo much money due to me, and gave him, inſtead of two thouſand ducats,

one

one thouſand florins. With theſe he left Vienna, but with very prudent ſuſpicions, which prevented him ever more returning to Magdeburg. A month had ſcarcely paſſed before the late Landgrave of Heſſe-Caſſel, then chief governor, entered my priſon, ſhewed me my letter, and demanded to know who had carried the letter, and who were to free me, and betray Magdeburg. Whether the letter was ſent immediately to the king, or the governor, I know not; it is ſufficient that I was once more betrayed at Vienna. The truth was, the adminiſtrators of my effects had acted as if I were deceaſed, and choſe not to refund two thouſand ducats. They wiſhed not I ſhould obtain my freedom, in a manner that would have obliged the government to reward me, and reſtore the effects they had embezzled, and the eſtates

they

they had ſeized. What happened afterward in Vienna, which will be related in its place, will inconteſtably prove this ſurmiſe to be well founded.

Theſe bad men did not, it is true, die in the manner they ought, but they all are dead, and I am ſtill living, and like an honeſt, though poor, man; ſo did not they die. Be this read, and remembered, by their luxurious heirs, who refuſe to reſtore my children to their rights.

My conſternation on the appearance of the Landgrave, with my letter in his hand, may well be ſuppoſed: I had the preſence of mind, however, to deny my hand-writing, and affect aſtoniſhment at ſo crafty a trick. The Landgrave endeavoured to convict me, told me what Lieutenant Kemnitz had repeated at Vienna, concerning my poſſeſſing

myſelf

myſelf of Magdeburg, and thereby ſhewed me how fully I had been betrayed. But, as no ſuch perſon exiſted as Lieutenant Kemnitz, and as my friend had fortunately concealed his name, the myſtery remained impenetrable, eſpecially, as no one could conceive how a priſoner, in my ſituation, could ſeduce, or ſubdue, the whole garriſon. The worthy prince left my priſon, apparently ſatisfied with my defence; his heart felt not ſatisfaction in the misfortunes of others.

The next day, a formal examination was taken, at which the ſubgovernor Reichmann preſided. I was accuſed as a traitor to my country, but I obſtinately denied my handwriting. Proofs, or witneſſes, there were none, and, in anſwer to the principal charge, I ſaid, "I was no cri-
"minal, but a man calumniated,
"ille-

" illegally impriſoned, and loaded
" with irons; that the King, in the
" year 1746, had caſhiered me, and
" confiſcated my parental inheri-
" tance; that, therefore, the laws of
" nature enforced me to ſeek ho-
" nour, and bread, in a foreign ſer-
" vice; and that, finding theſe in
" Auſtria, I was become an officer,
" and a faithful ſubject of the Em-
" preſs Queen; that I had been, a ſe-
" cond time, unoffendingly impri-
" ſoned; that here I was treated as
" the worſt of malefactors, and that
" my only reſource was to ſeek my
" liberty, by ſuch means as I could:
" were I, therefore, in this attempt, to
" deſtroy the very town of Magde-
" burg, and occaſion the loſs of a
" thouſand lives, I ſhould ſtill be
" guiltleſs. Had I been heard, and
" legally ſentenced, previous to my
" impriſonment at Glatz, I ſhould

" have

" have been, and have continued, a " criminal; but not having been " guilty of any ſmall, much leſs of " any great, crime, equal to my " puniſhment, if ſuch crime could " be, I was, therefore, not account- " able for conſequences: I owed nei- " ther fidelity, nor duty, to the King " of Pruſſia; for, by the word of " his power, he had deprived me " of bread, honour, country, and " freedom."

Here the examination ended, without farther diſcovery; the officers, however, falling under ſuſpicion, were all removed, and thus I loſt my beſt friends; yet it was not long before I had gained two others, which was no difficult matter, as I knew the national character, and that none but poor men were made militia officers. Thus was the governor's precaution fruitleſs, and

every

every body ſecretly wiſhed I might obtain my freedom.

I ſhall never forget the noble manner in which I was treated on this occaſion by the Landgrave. This I perſonally acknowledged, ſome years afterward, in the city of Caſſel, when I heard many things which confirmed all my ſurmiſes concerning Vienna. The Landgrave received me with all grace, favour, and diſtinction. I revere his memory, and ſeek to honour his name. He was the friend of misfortune. When I, not long afterward, fell ill, he ſent me his own phyſician, and meat from his table, nor would he ſuffer me, during two months, to be waked by the centinels. He, likewiſe, removed the dreadful collar from my neck; for which he was ſeverely reprimanded by the King, as he himſelf has ſince aſſured me.

I might fill a volume with incidents attending two other efforts to eſcape, but I will not weary the reader's patience with too much repetition. I ſhall merely give an abſtract of both.

When I had once more gained the officers, I made a new attempt at mining my way out. Not wanting for implements, my chains and the flooring were ſoon cut through, and all was ſo carefully replaced I was under no fear of examination. I here found my concealed money, piſtols, and other neceſſaries, but, till I had rid myſelf of ſome hundred weight of ſand, it was impoſſible to proceed. For this purpoſe I made two different openings in the floor: out of the real hole I threw a great quantity of ſand into my priſon; after which I cloſed it with all poſſible care. I then worked

at the ſecond with ſo much noiſe that I was certain they muſt hear me without. About midnight the doors began to thunder, and in they came, detecting me, as I intended they ſhould. None of them could conceive why I ſhould wiſh to break out under the door, where there was a triple guard to paſs. The centinels remained, and, in the morning, priſoners were ſent to wheel away the ſand. The hole was walled up and boarded, and my fetters were renewed. They laughed at the ridiculouſneſs of my undertaking, but puniſhed me by depriving me of my light and bed, which, however, in a fortnight, were both reſtored. Of the other hole, out of which moſt of the earth had been thrown, no one was aware. The major and lieutenant were too much my friends to remark that they had removed

removed thrice the quantity of ſand the falſe opening could contain. They ſuppoſed, this ſtrange attempt having failed, it would be my laſt, and Bruckhauſen grew negligent.

The governor and ſub-governor both viſited me, after ſome weeks; but, far from the brutality of Borck, the Landgrave ſpoke to me with great mildneſs, promiſed me his intereſt to regain my freedom, when the peace ſhould be concluded; told me I had more friends than I might ſuppoſe, and aſſured me I had not been quite forgotten by the court of Vienna. The manner in which I anſwered him moved him to the ſoul. in vain he endeavoured to hide his tears, while I, in a moment of exquiſite ſenſibility, fell at his feet, roſe, and pleaded like Cicero, happy to have met with a prince, who thought, and felt, like a man.

He promiſed me every alleviation, and I gave him my word of honour I would never more attempt to eſcape, while he remained governor. The manner in which I ſpoke enforced conviction, and it was then that he ordered my neck-collar to be taken off, my window to be unclоſed, my doors every day to be left two hours open, a ſtove, which I might light myſelf, to be put in my dungeon, finer linen for my ſhirts, and paper to amuſe myſelf, by writing down my thoughts. The ſheets of paper were to be numbered, when given, and when returned, by the town-major, that I might not abuſe this liberty.

Ink was not allowed me, I, therefore, pricked my finger, ſuffered the blood to trickle into a pot, and, when coagulated, warmed it again in my hand, throwing away the fibrous

fibrous parts, that would not liquefy; by this means, I procured a ſucceda-neum for ink, both to write and draw.

I now buſied myſelf with engraving my cups, and verſifying. I had free opportunity to diſplay ſuch abilities as I poſſeſſed, to excite eſteem, and awaken compaſſion. My emulation was increaſed, by the knowledge that my productions were ſeen, and read, at courts, and that the Princeſs Amelia, and the Queen herſelf, teſtified their ſatisfaction. I had ſoon ſubjects ſent me; and the wretch whom the King intended to immure, and bury alive, whoſe name no man was to mention, never lived to better purpoſe, nor was more famous, than while he vented his groans in this dungeon. My writings produced their effect, and, in reality, regained my freedom. To my cultivation of the ſciences, and

preſence of mind in danger, am I indebted for all: theſe could not all the power of Frederic deprive me of; by theſe I obtained that which he, in his wrath, and the might of his deſpotiſm, had intended to take from me eternally! Yes! this liberty I procured, though he had continually anſwered all petitions in my behalf—"He is "a dangerous man; and, ſo long as I "have life, he ſhall never ſee the "light!" Yet have I ſeen it, as broadly as himſelf, during his life: after his death, I have ſeen it without revenging myſelf, otherwiſe than by proving my innocence, and virtue, to a monarch, who oppreſſed becauſe he knew me not, becauſe he would not recal the haſty ſentence of anger, or own it was *poſſible* he might be miſtaken. No! In my writings I have ſought only to appeaſe him, to juſtify, and prove, the *greatneſs* of his

his ſoul! He died convinced of my integrity, yet, without affording me retribution! Perhaps, he recollected my ſufferings, and knew retribution was impoſſible. Enough! If ſo it can be, peace be to his aſhes! Man is formed by misfortune; virtue is active in adverſity. Perhaps, had I lived in uninterrupted happineſs, poſterity would have heard little of my name. It is indifferent to me, that the companions of my youth have their ears gratified, delighted, with the titles of General! Field-Marſhal! I have learned to live without ſuch additions. I am known in my works. Hence, has it often been aſked, why is not he, alſo, a miniſter, or a General. Bleſſed Content! Thee have I learned to taſte, unalloyed by pride! Repoſe, thrice bleſſed! Thee do I enjoy, in the haven of the wiſe, after ſtorms

and horrors paſt!—May my hiſtory, my example, conſole the afflicted, ſtrike terror to the guilty, bridle youth's impetuoſity, and inſpire the ſuffering with fortitude!

I return to my dungeon. Here, after my laſt conference with the Landgrave, I waited my coming fate, with a mind more at eaſe than that of many a prince in his palace. My dawn of hope, daily, grew more bright. The newſpapers, they brought me, foretold approaching peace, on which all my dependance was placed, and I paſſed eighteen months calmly, and without further attempt.

The father of the Landgrave died; he had, till then, been only hereditary prince; and Magdeburg now loſt its noble governor. The worthy Reichmann, however, teſtified for me all compaſſion and eſteem; I had

had books, my time was employed, and, therefore, ſtole, unperceived, away. Impriſonment, and chains, to me, were become habitual, and freedom, in all her lovely forms, ſleeping, and awake, in hope approached.

About this time, I wrote the poems, found in my works, called, the Macedonian Hero; The Dream Realized; and the Fables contained in the firſt volume, moſt of which have reference to myſelf. The moſt, and the beſt, of my poems, are now loſt to me. The mind's ſenſibility, when the body is impriſoned, is ſtrongly rouzed, nor can all the aids of the library equal this advantage. Perhaps, I may recover ſome of them in Berlin: if ſo, the world may learn what my thoughts then were. When I was ſet at liberty, I had none but ſuch as I remembered, and theſe I committed to writing.

On my firſt perſonal viſit to the Landgrave of Heſſe-Caſſel, I received a volume of them, written in my own blood; but there were certainly eight of theſe, which I ſhall ſcarcely ever regain.

The death of Elizabeth, the depoſing of Peter III. and the acceſſion of Catherine II. produced peace. On the receipt of this intelligence, I endeavoured to provide for all poſſible contingencies. The worthy Captain K— had opened me a correſpondence with Vienna; I was aſſured of ſupport; but was, likewiſe, aſſured the adminiſtrators, and thoſe who poſſeſſed my eſtates, would throw every poſſible impediment in the way of freedom. I endeavoured to perſuade another officer to aid my eſcape, but in vain: no ſecond Schell was to be found.

The

The will conſented, but the heart recoiled.

I, therefore, opened my old hole, and my friends aſſiſted me, all in their power, further to diſembarraſs myſelf of ſand. My money melted away, but they provided me with tools, gunpowder, and a good ſword. I had remained ſo long quiet that my flooring was no more examined.

My intent was to wait the peace, and, ſhould I ſtill continue in chains, then would I have my ſubterranean paſſage to the rampart ready for eſcape. For my further ſecurity, an old lieutenant had, with my money, purchaſed a houſe in the ſuburbs, where I might lie concealed. Gummern, in Saxony, is two miles from Magdeburg: here a friend, with two good horſes, was to wait a whole year, to ride on the glacis of Kloſterbergen, on the firſt, and

fifteenth, of each month, and, at a given ſignal, to haſten to my aſſiſtance.

My paſſage was to be ready in caſe of emergency; I, therefore, removed the upper planking, broke up the two under-beds, cut the boards into chips, and burnt them in my ſtove. By this I obtained ſo much additional room as to proceed half way with my mine. Linen again was brought me, ſandbags made, and thus I ſucceſsfully proceeded to all but the laſt operation. Every thing was afterward ſo well cloſed, and concealed, that I had nothing to fear, from the narroweſt inſpection, ſufficient of the under flooring being left to ſupport the upper, and it appeared doubly nailed, as before, to avoid ſuſpicion, eſpecially as the new come garriſon could

could not know what was the original length of the planks.

This ſevere labour reduced me again to a very feeble ſtate of body; and, by the return of the regulars, I, in a moment, was deprived of all my friends.

I muſt, in this place, relate a dreadful accident, which I cannot, even now, remember, without ſhuddering, and the terror of which has often haunted my very dreams.

While mining under the foundation of the rampart, juſt as I was going to carry out the ſand-bag, I ſtruck my foot againſt a ſtone in the wall above, which fell down and cloſed up the paſſage.

What was my horror, to find myſelf thus buried alive! After a ſhort time for reflection, I began to work the ſand away from the ſide, that I might obtain room to turn round.

By good fortune, there were ſome feet of empty ſpace, into which I threw the ſand as I worked it away; but the ſmall quantity of air ſoon made it ſo foul that I, a thouſand times, wiſhed myſelf dead, and made ſeveral attempts to ſtrangle myſelf. Further labour began to ſeem impoſſible. Thirſt almoſt deprived me of my ſenſes, but, as often as I put my mouth to the ſand, I inhaled freſh air. My ſufferings were incredible, and, I imagine, I paſſed full eight hours in this diſtraction of horror. Of all dreadful deaths, ſurely, ſuch a death as this is the moſt dreadful. My ſpirits fainted; again I ſomewhat recovered, again I began to labour, but the earth was as high as my chin, and I had no more ſpace, into which I might throw the ſand, that I might turn round. I made a more deſperate effort, drew

my

my body into a ball, and turned round; I now faced the ſtone, which was as wide as the whole paſſage, but, there being an opening at the top, I reſpired freſher air. My next labour was to root away the ſand under the ſtone, and let it ſink, ſo that I might creep over, and, by this means, at length, I once more happily arrived in my dungeon!

The morning was advanced; I ſat myſelf down ſo exhauſted that I ſuppoſed it was impoſſible I had time, or ſtrength, to cover up and conceal my hole. After half an hour's reſt, however, my fortitude returned: again I went to work, and, ſcarcely had I ended, before the reſounding locks and bolts told the approach of my viſitors.

They found me pale as death: I complained of the head-ach, and continued ſome days ſo much affect-

ed,

ed, by the fatigue I had ſuſtained, that I began to imagine my lungs were impaired. After a time, health and ſtrength returned, but, perhaps, of all my nights of horror, this was the moſt horrible. I long repeatedly dreamed I was buried alive in the center of the earth; and now, though three and twenty years are elapſed, my ſleep is ſtill haunted by this viſion.

After this accident, whenever I worked in my cavity, I hung a knife round my neck, that, in caſe I ſhould be again ſo incloſed, I might ſhorten my miſeries. Over the ſtone that had fallen were ſeveral others that hung tottering, under which I was, ſeveral hundred times, obliged to creep. Nothing could deter me from endeavouring to obtain my liberty!

When

When my paſſage was ready, ſo that I could break out when I pleaſed, I wrote various letters to my friends at Vienna, and alſo an impaſſioned memorial to my ſovereign. When the militia left Magdeburg, and the regulars returned, I took an affecting leave of my friends, who had behaved to me with ſo much humanity, and ſo benevolently ſupplied my wants. — Several weeks elapſed before they departed, and I learnt that General Riedt was appointed ambaſſador from Vienna to Berlin.

I had ſeen the world; I knew this general was not averſe to a bribe; I wrote him a moving letter, conjuring him not to abandon me, and to act with perhaps more ardour in my behalf than his inſtructions might imply. I incloſed a draft, for ſix thouſand florins, on my effects at Vienna,

Vienna, and he received four thouſand more from one of my relations. I have to thank theſe ten thouſand florins for my freedom, which I obtained nine months after. My vouchers ſhew the ſix thouſand florins were paid in April 1763, to the order of General Riedt. The other four thouſand I thankfully repaid, when at liberty, to my friend.

I received intelligence, before the garriſon departed, that no ſtipulation had been made, on my behalf, at the peace of Hubertſberg.* The Vienna plenipotentiaries, after, and not before, the articles were ſigned, men-

* The releaſe of Trenck was ſo feebly mentioned, by the Auſtrian plenipotentiary, that Hertzberg, the Pruſſian miniſter, took not the leaſt notice of the affair. T.

See Fiſcher Geſchichte Fried. II. Theil II. S. 246.

tioned

tioned my name to Hertzberg, but with little earneſtneſs of ſolicitation. From Berlin, indeed, I received private aſſurances of every effort being made to move Frederic, a promiſe on which I could much better rely than on my protectors at Vienna, who ſo many years had left me in misfortune. I, therefore, determined to wait three months longer, and, ſhould I ſtill find myſelf neglected, to owe my eſcape to myſelf.

On the change of the garriſon, the officers, being all of the nobility, were much more difficult to gain than the former. The majors literally obeyed their orders; their help was unneceſſary; but ſtill I ſighed for my old friends. I had only ammunition bread again for food, as no one ſupplied me with the leaſt comfortable addition.

My

My time hung very heavy; every thing was carefully examined on the change of the garriſon. A ſtill ſtricter ſcrutiny might occur, and all my projects be diſcovered. This had nearly been effected by accident, as I ſhall here relate. I had, two years before, ſo tamed a mouſe that it would play round me, and eat from my mouth: in this ſmall animal I diſcovered proofs of intelligence too great to eaſily gain belief: were I to write them, prieſts would rail, monks grumble, and ſuch philoſophers as ſuppoſe man alone endowed with the power of thought, allowing nothing, but what they call inſtinct, to animals, would proclaim me a fabulous writer, and my opinions heterodox to what they ſuppoſe ſound philoſophy. Should I live, perhaps, I may hereafter publiſh an eſſay on this ſubject, in which, this my mouſe,

and

and a ſpider, will appear as remarkable characters.

This intelligent mouſe had nearly been my ruin. I had diverted myſelf with it during the night; it had been nibbling at my door, and capering on a trencher. The centinels happened to hear our amuſement, called the officers; they heard alſo, and added all was not right in my dungeon. At day-break, my doors reſounded; the town-major, a ſmith, and maſon entered: ſtrict ſearch was begun; flooring, walls, chains, and my own perſon, were all ſcrutinized, but in vain. They aſked what was the noiſe they had heard: I mentioned the mouſe, whiſtled, and it came and jumped upon my ſhoulder. Orders were given I ſhould be deprived of its ſociety; I earneſtly intreated they would at leaſt ſpare its life. The officer on guard gave me

his

his word of honour, he would preſent it to a lady, who would treat it with the utmoſt tenderneſs.

He took it away, turned it looſe in the guard-room, but it was tame to me alone, and ſought a hiding place. It had fled to my priſon door, and, at the hour of viſitation, ran into my dungeon, immediately teſtifying its joy by its antic leaping between my legs. It is worthy remark that it had been taken away blindfold, that is to ſay, wrapped in a handkerchief. The guard-room was a hundred paces from my dungeon. How then did it find its maſter? Did it know, or did it wait for, the hour of viſitation? Had it remarked the doors were daily opened?

All were deſirous of obtaining this mouſe, but the major carried it off for his lady; ſhe put it into a cage, where it pined, refuſed all ſuſte-

ſuſtenance, and, in a few days, was found dead.

The loſs of this little companion made me, for ſome time, quite melancholy, yet, on the laſt examination, I perceived it had ſo eaten away the bread, by which I had concealed the crevices I had made in cutting the floor, that the examiners muſt be all but blind not to diſcover them. I was convinced my faithful little friend had fallen a neceſſary victim to its maſter's ſafety. My keepers were perſuaded I had neither the will nor the power to make further attempts at freedom. This accident, however, determined me not to wait even the three months.

I have already related horſes were to be kept ready, on the firſt and fifteenth, and I only ſuffered the firſt of Auguſt to paſs, becauſe I would not injure the worthy Major Pfuhl,

Pfuhl, who had treated me with more compaſſion than his comrades, and whoſe day of viſitation it was. On the fifteenth I determined to fly. This reſolution formed, I waited in anxious expectation of the day when a new, and again moſt remarkable ſucceſſion of accidents happened.

An alarm of fire had obliged the major of the day to repair in haſte to the town; he, therefore, committed the keys to the lieutenant. The latter, coming to viſit me, with a look of compaſſion, aſked —— "Dear "Trenck, have you never, during "ſeven years that you have been un- "der the guard of the militia, found "a man like Schell?"—"Alas! ſir," anſwered I, "ſuch friends are indeed "rare; the will of many has been "good: each knew I could make his "fortune, but none had courage "enough for ſo deſperate an attempt!

"Money

"Money I have diſtributed freely,
"but have received little help."

"Money! how do you obtain mo-
"ney in this dungeon?"—"From a
"ſecret correſpondent at Vienna, by
"whom I am ſtill ſupplied. If I can
"ſerve you, command me: I will do
"it willingly, without aſking any re-
"turn." So ſaying, I immediately took fifty ducats from between the pannels, and gave them to the lieutenant. At firſt he refuſed, but, at length, accepted them with fear.—He left me, promiſed to return, pretended to ſhut the door, and kept his word. He now avowed debt obliged him to deſert, that this had long been his determination, and that, could he aſſiſt me, at the ſame time, he was ready and willing. I had only to ſhew how this might be effected.

We continued two hours in conference; a plan was ſoon formed,

approved, and almoſt a certainty of ſucceſs demonſtrated; eſpecially, when I told him I had two horſes in waiting. We vowed eternal friendſhip, I gave him fifty additional ducats, and he had never before been ſo rich; his whole debts, which would oblige him to deſert, not amounting to more than two hundred rix-dollars, which, however, he never could have diſcharged out of his pay.

He was to prepare four keys, that were to reſemble thoſe of my dungeon; the latter were to be exchanged on the day of flight, being kept in the guard-room while the major was with General Walrabe. He was to give the grenadiers on guard leave of abſence for ſome hours, or ſend them into the town on various pretences. The centinels at the gate he was to call from their duty, and

thoſe

thoſe placed over me were to be ſent into my dungeon, to take away my bed; while encumbered with this, I was to ſpring out, and lock them in, after which we were to mount our horſes, kept ready, and ride full ſpeed to Gummern. Every thing was to be prepared within a week, when he was again to mount guard. We had ſcarcely fully formed our project before the centinels called, the major was coming; he, accordingly, haſtily barred up the doors, and the major paſſed to General Walrabe.

No man now was happier than myſelf, in a dungeon though I was: my hopes of eſcape were triple; the mediation at Berlin, the mine I had made, and my new friend, the lieutenant.

Intoxicated with hope and joy, then, when moſt my mind ought to

have been cool and clear, I ſeemed to have loſt my underſtanding. I came to a reſolution which will appear, to every reaſonable man, extravagant, abſurd, and pitiable. I was vain enough, ſtupid enough, mad enough, to form the deſign of caſting myſelf on the generoſity and magnanimity of the *Great Frederic!*— Should this fail, I ſtill thought my lieutenant a certain ſaviour.

Having heated my imagination with this lamentable ſcheme, I expected the hour of viſitation with anxiety. The major entered; I beſpoke him thus:

" I know ſir, the great Prince " Ferdinand is again in Magdeburg." (My new friend had told me this.) " Be pleaſed to inform him that he " may firſt examine my priſon, dou- " ble the centinels, and afterward " give me his commands, ſtating at

 " what

"what hour it will pleaſe him I "ſhould make my appearance, in "perfect freedom, on the glacis of "Kloſterbergen. If I prove myſelf "capable of this, I then hope for "the protection of Prince Ferdi-"nand; and that he will relate my "proceeding to the King, who may "thereby be convinced of my inno-"cence, and the perfect clearneſs of "my conſcience."

The major was aſtoniſhed; ſup-poſed my brain turned. The pro-poſal he held to be ridiculous, and the performance impoſſible. I, how-ever, perſiſted; he rode to town, and returned with the ſub-governor, Reichmann; the town-major, Riding; and the major of inſpection. The anſwer they delivered was—That the Prince promiſed me his protection, the King's favour, and a certain re-leaſe from my chains, ſhould I prove

the truth of my aſſertion. I required they would appoint a time; they ridiculed the thing as impoſſible, and, at laſt, ſaid that it would be ſufficient could I only prove the practicability of ſuch a ſcheme; but, ſhould I refuſe, they would immediately break up the whole flooring, and place centinels in my dungeon night and day; adding, the governor would not admit of any actual breaking out.

After the moſt ſolemn promiſes of good faith, I immediately diſencumbered myſelf of my chains, raiſed up my flooring, gave them my arms and implements, and alſo two keys, that my friends had procured me, to the doors of the ſubterranean gallery. This gallery I deſired them to enter, and ſound, with their ſword-hilts, at the place through which I was to break, which might be done in a

few

few minutes. I further deſcribed the road I was to take through the gallery, informed them that two of the doors had not been ſhut for ſix months, and to the others they already had the keys; adding, I had horſes ready at the glacis, that would be immediately ready; the ſtables for which were unknown to them.

They went, examined, returned, put queſtions, which I anſwered with as much preciſion as the engineer could have done who built the Star-Fort. They left me with ſeeming friendſhip, continued away about an hour, came back, told me the prince was aſtoniſhed at what he had heard, that he wiſhed me all happineſs, and then took me, unfettered, to the guard-houſe. The major came in the evening, treated us with a ſumptuous ſupper, aſſured me every thing would happen to

my wiſhes, and that Prince Ferdinand had already written to Berlin.

The guard was reinforced next day: two grenadiers entered the officer's room as centinels. The whole guard loaded with ball before my eyes, the draw-bridges were raiſed in open day, and precautions were taken as if it were ſuppoſed I intended to make attempts as deſperate as thoſe I had made at Glatz.

I now ſaw numerous workmen employed on my dungeon, and carts bringing quarry-ſtones. The officers on guard behaved with great kindneſs, kept a good table, at which I ate, but two centinels, and an under officer, never quitted the guard-room. Converſation was very cautious, and this continued five or ſix days: at length, it was my new friend, the lieutenant's, turn to mount guard; he appeared to be as friendly

friendly as formerly, but conference was difficult: he, however, found an opportunity to expreſs his aſtoniſhment at my ill-timed diſcovery, told me the prince knew nothing of the affair, and that the report propagated through the garriſon was, I had been ſurpriſed in making a new attempt.

I now ſaw my error, but, alas! too late. I aſſured my friend this ſtep had been occaſioned by my reliance on his promiſe. He lamented my miſtake, but affirmed himſelf ſtill the ſame. My courage ſtrengthened, and I vowed vengeance againſt the mean conduct of the ſub-governor.

My dungeon was completed in about a week. The town-major and major of the day re-conducted me to it. My foot only was chained to the wall, but with links twice as

ſtrong as formerly; the remainder of my irons were never after added.

Inſtead of flooring, the dungeon was paved with huge flag ſtones. The priſon was made impenetrable. That part of my money only was ſaved which I had concealed in the pannels of the door, and the chimney of the ſtove; ſome thirty louis-d'ors, hidden about my clothes, were taken from me.

While the ſmith was rivetting my chains, I addreſſed myſelf to the ſub-governor. "Is this the conſe-
"quence of the pledged honour of
"the Prince? Has the magnani-
"mity of my conduct deſerved ſuch
"treatment? But think not you
"deceive me, I am acquainted with
"the falſe reports that have been
"ſpread; the truth will ſoon come
"to light, and the unworthy be put
"to ſhame. Nay, I now foretell
"you,

"you, Trenck ſhall not be much "longer in your power; for, were "you to build your dungeon of "ſteel, it would ſtill be inſufficient "to contain me."

They ſmiled at my threats. Reichmann, however, deſired me to take courage, and ſaid I might, probably, ſoon obtain my freedom after a proper manner. My firm reliance on my friend, the lieutenant, gave me, inſtead of appearing ſunken and deſpondent, a degree of confidence that amazed them all.

It is here neceſſary farther to explain this affair. When I had obtained my liberty, I viſited Prince Ferdinand, at Brunſwic. He informed me the majors had not made a true report, being afraid of reprimand for their own careleſſneſs. Their ſtory was, they had caught me at work, and, had it not been for their

extreme diligence, I ſhould, certainly, have made my eſcape. Prince Ferdinand heard the truth ſome time after, and informed the King, who, from that time, only waited a favourable opportunity to reſtore me to liberty.

Such is the way of the world! Such the manner in which the moſt generous, the moſt noble, acts are often painted! I was, in this caſe, the ſilly ſacrifice of my own vanity. Thoſe who guarded me were aſhamed of their neglect, and, to avoid reprimand, which would not effectually have injured any of them, was I again led to my ſlaughter-houſe. Such has been the iſſue, through life, of many noble undertakings; where others have taken advantage of my too great openneſs of heart, and procured reward to themſelves by my labours.

Once

Once more was I immured, curſing in my heart the cruelties of kings and governors: this time, however, they were innocent, becauſe deceived.

I waited in anxious hope for the day when my deliverer was to mount guard. What again was my deſpair when, inſtead of him, I ſaw another lieutenant. I buoyed myſelf up with the expectation that accident was the occaſion of this, but I remained three weeks in the ſame ſuſpence, and ſaw him no more. Aſk I durſt not, but heard, at length, he had left the corps of grenadiers, and, therefore, was no longer to mount guard at the Star-Fort. Whether he was afraid, repented his engagement, or that the hundred ducats had procured him better proſpects, I neither know, nor ever wiſh to know. Should he ever read

this book, and ſhould he really have deceived me, let him alſo read that he has my hearty forgiveneſs, and that I applaud myſelf for never having ſaid any thing by which he might be injured. Others, perhaps, being thus deſerted by him in misfortune, after ſo many proteſtations, and condeſcending to receive money, would have been more revengeful. He might, having paid his debts, repent his promiſe; he might have truſted another friend with the enterpriſe, and have been himſelf betrayed: but, be it as it may, his abſence cut off all hope.

I bitterly now repented my folly and untimely vanity: melancholy ſeized my mind; I had brought my misfortunes on myſelf. When I had removed every impediment, the confidence I placed in the honour of man again plunged me near ſix months

months longer in affliction, doubled by deſpair. I had myſelf rendered my dungeon impenetrable. Death would have followed but for the dependence I placed in the court of Vienna.

The officers ſoon remarked the loſs of my accuſtomed fortitude, and gloomy thoughtfulneſs. I was leſs induſtrious on my cups; the verſes I wrote were deſponding. The only comfort they could give was, "Pa-"tience, dear Trenck; your condi-"tion cannot be worſe; the King "may not live for ever." Small conſolation this. Were I ſick, they told me I then might hope my ſufferings would ſoon have an end. If I recovered, they pitied me, and lamented their continuance. What man of my rank and expectations ever endured what I have endured,

ever was treated as I have been treated!

Peace had been concluded nine months. I was forgotten. At laſt, however, when I ſuppoſed all hope loſt, the 24th of December, and the day of freedom, came! At the hour of parade Count Schlieben, lieutenant of the guards, arrived, and brought orders for my releaſe!

The ſub-governor ſuppoſed me weaker in intellect than I really was, and would not too ſuddenly tell me theſe happy tidings. He knew not the preſence of mind, the fortitude, which the various dangers I had ſeen had made habitual. Self-praiſe offends; yet never was I too much elated in proſperity, depreſſed in adverſity; never timid or undetermined in the moment of danger; and, for the truth of this, I appeal to all who have known me perſonally,

ally, or been acquainted with thoſe who have ſeen me in ſuch ſituations.

My doors, for the LAST TIME, reſounded! Several people entered; their countenances were more than uſually cheerful, and the ſub-governor at their head, at length, ſaid, "This time, my dear Trenck, I am "the joyful meſſenger of good news. "Prince Ferdinand has prevailed on "the King to let your irons be "taken off."——Accordingly, to work went the ſmith——"You "ſhall, alſo," continued he, "have "a better apartment." "I am free "then," ſaid I, "and you are afraid "to tell me ſo too ſuddenly. Speak! "fear not! I can moderate my "tranſports."

"Then you are free!" was the reply.

The ſub-governor firſt embraced me, and afterward his attendants.

He

He aſked me what clothes I would wiſh. I anſwered the uniform of my regiment. The taylor attended, and took meaſure. Reichmann told him it muſt be made by the morning. The man excuſed himſelf, becauſe it was Chriſtmas eve——"So "then this gentleman muſt remain in "his dungeon, becauſe it is holiday "with you." The taylor was anſwered, and promiſed to be ready.

The ſmith having ended his work, I was taken to the guard-room: congratulations were univerſal, and the town-major adminiſtered the oath cuſtomary to all ſtate priſoners.

1ſt. That I ſhould avenge myſelf on no man.

2ndly. That I ſhould neither enter the Pruſſian nor Saxon ſtates.

3dly. That I ſhould never relate, by ſpeech, or in writing, what had happened to me.

4thly.

4thly. And that, ſo long as the King lived, I ſhould neither ſerve in a civil nor military capacity.

Count Schlieben delivered me a letter from the imperial miniſter, General Riedt, in Berlin, to the following purport: that he was heartily rejoiced at having found an opportunity of obtaining my liberty from the King; that I muſt cheerfully obey the requiſitions of Count Schlieben, whoſe orders were to accompany me to Prague.

"Yes, dear Trenck," ſaid Schlieben, "I am to conduct you in a "covered waggon through Dreſden "to Prague, with orders not to "ſuffer you to ſpeak to any one on "the road. I have received three "hundred ducats from General "Riedt, to defray the expence of "travelling. A waggon muſt be "purchaſed; but, as all things cannot

"be

" be prepared to-day, the ſub-go-
" vernor has determined we ſhall
" depart to-morrow night."

Having joyfully acquieſced, Count Schlieben remained with me; the others, after a ſhort converſation, returned to the town, and I dined, in company with the major of the day and the officers on guard, with General Walrabe in his priſon. Here this gentleman died, in 1774, having remained at Magdeburg eight and twenty years. His confinement, however, was both deſerved and rendered ſupportable.

Once more at liberty, I walked about the fortifications, to accuſtom myſelf to light and air, and collected the money I had concealed in my dungeon, which amounted to about ſeventy ducats. To every man on guard I gave a ducat, to the centinels then on duty over me each three,

three, and ten ducats to be divided among the relief-guard. I ſent the officer on guard a preſent from Prague, and the remainder of my money I beſtowed on the widow of the kind, the honeſt, the worthy Gefhardt. He, poor fellow, was no more, and ſhe had entruſted the ſecret of the thouſand florins to a young ſoldier, who, ſpending too freely, was ſuſpected, betrayed her, and ſhe paſſed two years in the houſe of correction. Gefhardt never received any puniſhment; he was in the field. Had he left any children, I ſhould, in duty, have provided for them. To the widow of the man who hung himſelf before my priſon door, in the year 1756, I gave thirty ducats, lent me by Schlieben.

The night was riotous, the guard made merry, and I paſſed moſt of it

it in their company. I was viſited by all the generals of the garriſon on Chriſtmas morning, for I was not allowed to enter the town. Boots, uniform, all were ready by noon. I was dreſſed, viewed myſelf in the glaſs, and found pleaſure; but the tumult of my own paſſions, the congratulations I received, and the vivacity of every thing round me, prevented my remembering incidents minutely.

How much room for reflection did this ſcene afford! My intrinſic worth then and twenty-four hours before, when in priſon, was the ſame; yet, how wonderful an alteration in the carriage and countenance of thoſe by whom I had been ſo ſtrictly guarded! I was treated with friendſhip, diſtinction, attention, and flattery. And why? Becauſe thoſe fetters had dropt off which I had never

never juſtly borne. Oh World! what art thou? What, indeed, in deſpotic ſtates! What is merit, what virtue, where arbitrary power diſpoſes of the fate of men?

Evening came, and with it Count Schlieben, a waggon, and four poſt-horſes. After a very affecting farewell, we departed. Who could have perſuaded me I ſhould have ſhed tears at leaving Magdeburg? Yet tears I actually did ſhed. It ſeems equally ſtrange that I lived here ten years, yet never ſaw the town.

I ſhall not weary the reader's patience with the trivial incidents of our journey. The exact duration of my impriſonment at Magdeburg was nine years, five months, and ſome days; add to theſe the ſeventeen months impriſonment at Glatz, and the amount is eleven years. Thus did the prime of life, the brighteſt

brighteſt hours in the day of man, paſs in impriſonment. Thus was I robbed of time, which monarchs have not the power to reſtore; thus, too, was my body weakened, thus my health impaired, ſo that now in my decline of life, a ſecond time, I ſuffer in the gloom, the damp, and the chains, of the dungeon of Magdeburg.

The reader would now hope, having obtained my freedom, that my calamities were all at an end; yet do I declare, upon my honour, I would prefer the ſufferings of the Star-Fort, to thoſe I have ſince endured in Auſtria, eſpecially the laſt ſix years, while Krügel, and Zetto, were my referendaries, and curators.

It may happen that I may publiſh a third volume,* in which I may more

* This third volume the Baron has publiſhed.

more openly, and fully, relate the misfortunes of two and twenty years, particularly the laſt ſix, ſpent at Vienna. At this moment, I am obliged to be guarded in my expreſſions. I have, already, put my enemies to ſhame; but the hope of juſtice, or reward, on this ſide the grave, is vain. No rewards are beſtowed on him, who, with all the conſciouſneſs of integrity, demands, and does not implore. The facts, I ſhall relate, will, indeed, ſeem improbable, nay incredible, yet have I, in my own hands, the indiſputable vouchers of their verity. I repeat the words of my preface:

"If

ed. It is the third volume of the preſent tranſlation; but it is neceſſary to preſerve this, and ſimilar paſſages, becauſe they contain circumſtances by which ſuſpenſe is kept alive.

"If my right hand is guilty of
"writing untruths, in this book,
"may the common executioner ſever
"it from my body, and, in the me-
"mory of poſterity, may I live a
"villain."

Having thus called the reader's attention to its truth, I proceed with my hiſtory.

On the 2d of January, I arrived, with Count Schlieben, ſafely at Prague, and, the ſame day, he delivered me to the then governor, the duke of Deuxponts. He received me with kindneſs, and diſtinction; we dined with him two ſucceſſive days, and all Prague was anxious to ſee a man who had ſurmounted ten years of ſufferings, ſo unheard-of as mine. Here I received three thouſand florins, and paid General Riedt his three hundred ducats, which he had advanced Count Schlieben,

Schlieben, for the expences of my journey, the repayment of which he demanded, in his letter, although he had already received ten thouſand florins. The expence of returning I alſo paid to Schlieben, made him a preſent, and provided myſelf with ſome neceſſaries. After remaining a few days at Prague, a courier arrived from Vienna, to whom, it is moſt worthy of remark, I was obliged to pay forty florins, with an order from government to bring me, under a ſtrong guard, from Prague to Vienna. My ſword was demanded; Captain Count Wela, and two inferior officers, entered the carriage, which I was obliged to purchaſe, in company with me, and brought me to Vienna. I took up a thouſand florins more, in Prague, to defray theſe expences, and was obliged, in

Vienna, to pay the captain fifty ducats, for travelling charges back.

At treatment like this, what were the ſenſations of my ſoûl! I ought to have re-entered Vienna, in triumph, like the martyr of his country, haſtening to receive his reward; I, on the contrary, was brought back like a criminal, was ſent, as a priſoner, to the barracks, there kept in the chamber of Lieutenant Blonket, with orders that I ſhould be ſuffered to write to no one, ſpeak to no one, without a ticket, from the counſellors Kempf or Huttner. Theſe good gentlemen, during my impriſonment, had been the adminiſtrators of my effects!

So I remained ſix weeks: at length, the colonel of the regiment of Poniatowſky, the preſent field-marſhal, Count Alton, ſpoke to me. I related what I ſuppoſed were the

reaſons

reaſons of my being thus kept a priſoner in Vienna; and to the exertions of this worthy man am I indebted that the abominable intentions of my enemies were fruſtrated, which were to have me impriſoned, during life, as inſane, in the fortreſs of Gratz. Had they once removed me from Vienna, all had been loſt, and I ſhould, certainly, have pined away the poor remainder of my life, in a madhouſe. Yet, when at liberty, could I never obtain juſtice againſt theſe men! By their means, was the Empreſs perſuaded that my brain was affected, and that I, continually, uttered the moſt violent threats againſt the King of Pruſſia. The election of a king of the Romans was then in agitation, and the court was apprehenſive leſt I, with a raſh deſire of vengeance, ſhould act ſomething, that might offend the Pruſſian

envoy. General Riedt had, moreover, been obliged to promiſe Frederic that I ſhould not be ſuffered to appear in Vienna, and that they ſhould hold a moſt wary eye over me. The Empreſs-Queen felt compaſſion for my ſuppoſed diſeaſe, and aſked if no aſſiſtance could be afforded me; to which they anſwered, I had ſeveral times been let blood, but that I ſtill remained a very dangerous man. They added that I ſquandered my money ſtrangely, having taken up, and diſperſed, four thouſand florins in ſix days, at Prague; that it would, therefore, be proper to appoint curators, or guardians, to impede ſuch extravagancies. Thus do the wicked utter their falſehoods! Thus do they cloud, and obſcure, the throne, making truth inviſible!

Count Alton, however, ſpoke of me,

me, and my hard deſtiny, to the Counteſs Paar, miſtreſs of the ceremonies to the Empreſs-Queen, a noble-minded lady. The late Emperor entered the chamber, while I was the ſubject of diſcourſe, and aſked whether I never had any lucid intervals. "May it pleaſe your "majeſty," anſwered Alton, "he has "now been ſeven weeks, in cuſtody, "at my barracks, and I never in my "life met a more reaſonable, or "more agreeable man. There muſt "be ſomething myſterious in this "affair, or he could not be treated "as a madman, or ſo repreſented at "court. That he is not ſo, in any-"wiſe, I pledge my honour."

The next day, the Emperor ſent Count Thurn, grand maſter of the Arch-Duke Leopold, to ſpeak to me. In him I found a worthy man, an enlightened philoſopher, and a lover of

his country. To him I related how I had twice been betrayed, twice ſold at Vienna, during my impriſonment; demonſtrated that my adminiſtrators had only acted in this vile manner that I might be impriſoned for life, and they remain undiſturbed in poſſeſſion of my effects. We converſed together two hours, during which many things were ſaid, that prudence will not permit me, here, to repeat. I gained his confidence, and his heart, and he continued my friend till death. He left me, promiſed protection, returned the following day, and procured me an audience of the Emperor.

I ſpoke with freedom; the audience laſted more than an hour. At length the Emperor was ſo moved that he roſe from his ſeat, and retired into the next apartment; I ſaw

the

the tears drop from his eyes. With ſympathetic enthuſiaſm, I fell at his feet, embraced his knees, and wiſhed for the preſence of a Rubens, or Apelles, to preſerve a ſcene ſo highly honourable to the memory of the monarch, and paint the ſenſations of an innocent man, imploring the protection of a great, a juſt, and a compaſſionate prince. I feel myſelf unequal to do his memory that juſtice it deſerves. Words I had none, but my looks, my tears, were indeed eloquent.——The Emperor tore himſelf from me, and I departed, with ſenſations, ſuch as only thoſe can know who, themſelves being virtuous, have, unfortunately, met with vile and wicked men.

The ill-judging world has called the Emperor Francis a weak Prince. To me he ſeems ſuperior

to Cæſar, or *Frederic the Great*. That he had a noble mind, what I have cited is an irrefragable proof; and, had not death robbed me of his protection, then, when he found me worthy, I ſhould long ſince have regained the Hungarian eſtates I have now for ever loſt.

I returned to my barracks in all the raptures of joy, and an order, the next day, came for my releaſe. I went, with Count Alton, to the Counteſs Paar, who deſired to ſee me, and, by her mediation, I obtained a private audience of the Empreſs.

I cannot deſcribe the kindneſs of the ſovereign; how much ſhe pitied my ſufferings, how much ſhe admired my fortitude. I had not opportunity to ſpeak a word; her profeſſions of pity preventing my ſtating the juſtneſs of my caſe. She told me ſhe was informed of all the vile arti-

artifices practiſed againſt me in Vienna: required, however, I ſhould mention no paſt grievances, ſhould forgive all my enemies, avoid all retroſpect, and paſs all the accounts of my adminiſtrators. —— I would have ſpoken. —— "Do not com-"plain of any thing," ſaid ſhe, "but "act as I deſire — I know all—you "ſhall be recompenſed by me; "you deſerve reward and repoſe, and "theſe you ſhall enjoy." —— What could I do? — I muſt either ſign, whatever was given me to ſign, or be ſent to a madhouſe. I received orders to accompany M. Piſtrich to Counſellor Ziegler: thither I went, and the next day was obliged to ſign, in their preſence, the following conditions:

Firſt—That I acknowledged the will of Trenck to be valid.

Secondly — That I renounced all claim to the Sclavonian eſtates, relying alone on her Majeſty's favour.

Thirdly—That I ſolemnly acquitted my accountants and curators: And,

Laſtly—That I would not continue in Vienna.

What more could have been aſked of me, had I, inſtead of reward, deſerved puniſhment?

This I muſt ſign, or languiſh in a priſon. If ſuch be not arbitrary power, what is?

So was I dealt with! The Empreſs was prevented acting greatly and nobly.—It is an eternal truth that this my miſtreatment was occaſioned by my refuſing to hear maſs; and that the poſſeſſors of my eſtates were under the protection of the Jeſuits.*

* The confeſſor of the Empreſs was a Jeſuit. T.

What

What did I feel! How did my blood boil while I ſigned! The confidence I had in myſelf aſſured me I could obtain honourable employment in any country of Europe, by the exertion of my talents, the labours of my mind, and the faithful recital of all my woes. At that time I had no children; I, therefore, little regretted what I had loſt, or the poor portion that remained.

Juſtly diſſatisfied, I determined to avoid Auſtria eternally. My honeſt pride would never ſuffer me, by clandeſtine and inſidious arts, to approach the throne. I knew no ſuch mode of ſoliciting for juſtice, hence was I an unequal match for my enemies; hence my ills, hence my misfortunes. Complaints, and appeals to juſtice, were artfully repreſented as the ſplenetic effuſions of a man never to be ſatisfied. By courts of

juſtice I had been plundered; appeals to them were, therefore, vain indeed.

My too ſenſible heart was preyed upon, and corroded, by the treatment I met at Vienna. I, who, with ſo much fortitude, ſuch unſhaken honour, had ſuffered ſo much in the cauſe of Vienna, on whom the eyes of all Germany were at this time fixed, to ſee what ſhould be the reward of theſe ſufferings; I, far from being rewarded, was again, in this country, kept a priſoner, and delivered over to thoſe by whom I had been plundered, as a man inſane!

Before my intended departure to ſeek my fortune, I fell ill, and ſickneſs almoſt brought me to the grave. The Empreſs, hearing of my condition, in her great clemency, ſent one of her own phyſicians and a charitable friar to my aſſiſtance; both of whom

whom I was at laſt obliged to pay. My own doctor would have reſtored me much cheaper. This was to be favoured, diſtinguiſhed!

At this time I received, unſolicited, a major's commiſſion, for which I was obliged to pay the fees. Being excluded from actual ſervice, the title to me was of little value: my rank in the army had been at leaſt equal ten years before in other ſervice. The following words, inſerted in my commiſſion, are not unworthy remark:—"Her Majeſty, in "conſequence of my fidelity and "zeal for her ſervice, ſo conſpicu-"ouſly demonſtrated during a long "impriſonment, my extraordinary "endowments, and exemplary vir-"tues, had been graciouſly pleaſed to "grant me, in the Imperial ſer-"vice, the rank of major."——The rank of major!——From this preamble,

amble, who would not have expected either the rank of general, or the reſtoration of my great Sclavonian eſtates. I had been fifteen years a captain of cavalry, and now was I moſt graciouſly made an invalid major! —— I was made an invalid major three and twenty years ago, and an invalid major I ſtill remain! Let all that has been related be called to mind, the ſhameful manner in which I had been pillaged, and ſo repeatedly betrayed; let Vienna, Dantzic, and Magdeburg be remembered; and, at the ſame time, be this my promotion remembered alſo! Let it be farther known that the commiſſion of major might be bought, by any boy, for a few thouſand florins! Thirty thouſand florins only, of the money I had been robbed of, would have purchaſed a colonel's commiſſion; I ſhould then have

have been a companion for generals; enabled by my pay, I then might have educated children for the good of the ſtate, and my promotion would have placed me beyond the perſecutions and peculations of my enemies.

It was the intereſt of theſe I ſhould be uſeleſs; and, therefore, I was made an invalid. During the thirty-ſix years that I have been in the ſervice of Auſtria, I never had any man of rank, any great general, any miniſter, any preſident, my enemy, except Count Graſſalkowitz, and he was only my enemy becauſe he had conceived a friendſhip for my eſtates.

My private character was never calumniated, nor did any truly worthy man ever ſpeak of me but with reſpect and compaſſion. Who were, who are, my enemies? —— Jeſuits, monks,

monks, unprincipled advocates, wiſhing to become my curators; referendaries, who died deſpicable, or now live in houſes of correction; or accountants, who purchaſed protectors, to avoid dying by the hands of the hangman. Such as live, live in dread of a ſimilar end; for the Emperor Joſeph is juſt, and able to diſcover the truth. Alas! the truth is diſcovered too late; age has now really rendered me an invalid. Men with hearts ſo baſe, ſo vile, ought, indeed, to become the ſcavengers of ſociety, that, terrified by their example, ſucceeding judges may not rack the heart of the honeſt man, ſeize on the poſſeſſions of the orphan and the widow, and wholly expel virtue out of Auſtria.

God for ever preſerve all good men, after me, from ſuch judges! Men of this character never fail to

have friends at court, worthy of themſelves. Some maid of honour's chamber-maid, ſome fire-lighter, ſome menial perſon, with minds well befitting their ſtation, who ſhall have the cunning, at proper opportunities, to ſay, as they did of me, — "Trenck is a diſſatisfied, reſtleſs man; "complains of every thing; ſpeaks "evil of princes; is ſtill more than "half a Pruſſian in his heart; denies "that the Auſtrian Ulans are capable "of killing and eating the whole Pruſ-"ſian army!" My ſpirits are wearied; my heart ſinks at the remembrance.

I recovered, ſought an audience, but this was no more to be obtained. I attended the levee of Prince Kaunitz. Not perſonally known to him, he, on his pinnacle of power, viewed in me a crawling inſect among the ſwarm beneath. I thought ſomewhat more proudly; thought myſelf

a man:

a man: my actions were upright, and ſo ſhould my body be. I quitted the apartment, and, at the door, was congratulated, by the mercenary Swiſs-porter, on my good fortune, of having obtained an audience!

I applied to the field-marſhal, from whom I received this remarkable anſwer:—"If you cannot purchaſe, my dear Trenck, it will be impoſſible to admit you into actual ſervice; beſide, you are too old to learn our very difficult manœuvres." I was then thirty-ſeven. I briefly replied, "Your excellence miſtakes my character; I did not come to Vienna, to ſerve as an invalid major. My curators have taken good care I ſhould have no money to purchaſe; but, had I millions, I would never obtain rank in the army by that mode." I quitted the room with a ſhrug.—

The

The next day I addreſſed a memorial to the Empreſs, which, had I room, might here deſerve to be wholly inſerted. I did not re-demand my Sclavonian eſtates, I only petitioned,

Firſt—That thoſe who had carried off quintals of ſilver and gold, from the premiſes, and had rendered no account, either to me or the treaſury, ſhould be obliged to refund at leaſt a part.

Secondly—That they ſhould be obliged to return the thirty-ſix thouſand florins, which had been illegally ſequeſtered from my family inheritance, and applied to a hoſpital.

Thirdly—That the thirty-ſix thouſand florins might be repaid, which Count Graffalkowitz had deducted from the allodial eſtates, for three thouſand ſix hundred pandours, who had fallen in the ſervice of the Empreſs: I not being in juſtice bound

to

to pay for the lives of men, out of my private purſe, who had died glorioufly in defence of the Empreſs.

Fourthly—I required that fifteen thouſand florins which had been deducted from my capital, and applied to the Bohemian fortifications, ſhould, likewiſe, be reſtored, together with the fifteen thouſand which had been unduely paid to the regiment of Trenck.

Fifthly—I reclaimed the twelve thouſand florins, which I had been robbed of at Dantzic, by the treachery of the Imperial reſident, Abramſon; and public ſatisfaction from the magiſtracy of Dantzic, who had delivered me up, ſo contrary to the laws of nations, to the Pruſſian power.

Theſe articles, and others, contained in the memorial, were indiſputable claims, not being included

in

in the renunciation I had, ſome weeks before, been obliged to ſign.

I, likewiſe, claimed the cuſtomary intereſt of ſix per cent. for the capital of ſeventy-ſix thouſand florins, detained by the Hungarian chamber, which would amount to twenty thouſand florins; I having been allowed only five per cent. and at laſt four.

I more particularly inſiſted on the reſtoration of my Sclavonian eſtates, and a proper allowance for improvements, which the very ſentence of the court had granted, and which amounted to eighty thouſand florins.

I intreated! I petitioned an arbitrator; I humbly ſolicited juſtice concerning incontrovertible rights, but nothing I obtained, not ſo much as an anſwer to this and a hundred other ſimilar petitions!

I muſt

I muſt here ſpeak of my accountants, and of tranſactions during my impriſonment. — I had bought a houſe in Vienna, in the year 1750, ſituated in the Teinfaltſtraſſe; the price was ſixteen thouſand florins, thirteen thouſand of which I had paid at different inſtalments. The receipts were among my writings: theſe writings, together with my other effects, were taken from me at Dantzic, in the year 1754. The colonel and quarter-maſter and all perſons of the regiment, of whom I might require any account, were dead, in the interim, nor have I, to this hour, been able to learn more than that my writings were ſent to the adminiſtrators of my affairs at Vienna. With reſpect to my horſes, effects, and property at Dantzic, in what manner theſe were diſpoſed of no one could or would ſay.

After being releaſed from my dungeon at Magdeburg, I inquired concerning my houſe, but no longer found it mine. Thoſe who had gotten poſſeſſion of my writings muſt have reſtored the acquittances to the ſeller, conſequently, he could redemand the whole ſum. My houſe, however, was in other hands, and I was brought in debtor ſix thouſand florins, for intereſt and coſts of ſuit. Thus were houſe and money forever gone, beyond redemption!— Whom can I accuſe?

Again.—I had two years maintained, at my own expence, Lieutenant Schroeder, who had deſerted from Glatz, and for whom I afterwards obtained a captain's commiſſion in the guard of Prince Eſterhazy, at Eiſenſtadt. His own miſconduct cauſed him to be caſhiered and become a beggar. In my adminiſtrators

miniſtrators accounts I found the following article:

"To Captain Schroeder, for capi-
"tal, intereſt, and coſts of ſuit, ſix-
"teen hundred florins."

It was certain, I was not a penny indebted to this perſon: I, however, had no redreſs, having been, as before related, obliged to paſs, and ſign, all their accounts.

I, four years afterward, obtained information concerning this affair: I met Schroeder, by accident, as he was aſking alms, near St. Stephen's; knew him, took him home with me, and enquired whether he had actually received theſe ſixteen hundred florins. He anſwered in the affirmative. "No one believed
"you would ever more have ſeen the
"light. I knew you had a friendſhip
"for me, and would willingly ſerve
"me,

" me, and, all being loſt to you, that
" you would give ſomething to relieve
" my extreme neceſſities. I went and
" ſpoke to Dr. Berger; he agreed we
" ſhould halve the ſum, and his
" contrivance was, I ſhould make oath
" I had lent you a thouſand florins,
" without having received your note.
" The money was paid me by M.
" Frauenberger, to whom I muſt
" ſend a preſent of Tokay, for Ma-
" dam Huttner."

Oh! Excellent! This was the manner in which my curators took care of my property! Many ſimilar inſtances I could produce, but I am too much agitated by the recollection. I muſt, however, ſpeak a word concerning who and what my curators were.

The court counſellor, Kempf, was my adminiſtrator, and counſellor Huttner my referendary. The ſub-

ſtitute of Kempf was Frauenberger, who, being obliged to act as a commiſſary clerk, at Prague, during the war, could not attend to affairs at Vienna, but appointed one Krebs as a ſub-ſubſtitute: whether M. Krebs had alſo a ſub-ſub-ſubſtitute, is more than I am able to ſay.

Doctor Bertracker was *Fidei commiſſcurator*, though there was no legal *Fidei commiſſum* exiſting. Doctor Berger, as Fidei commiſſ-advocate, was ſuperintendent over them all, and, to them all, ſalaries were to be paid.

Let us now ſee what was the weighty buſineſs this noble company had to tranſact. I had ſeventy-ſix thouſand florins in the Hungarian chamber, the intereſt of which was yearly to be received, and added to the capital: this was their whole employment, and this

was

was certainly ſo trifling that any honeſt man would have performed it gratis. Kempf, having, luckily, got a fat capon, wiſhed to pluck it in company with his old croney; he, therefore, gave him an office. The war made money ſcarce, and the diſcounting of bills with my ducats was a profitable trade to my curators. Had it been properly and honeſtly employed, I ſhould, certainly, have found my capital increaſed, after my ten years impriſonment, full ſixty thouſand florins. Inſtead of theſe, I received three thouſand florins at Prague, and nothing more; and, in compenſation, found my capital diminiſhed ſeven thouſand florins.

Frauenberger and Berger died rich; and, the ſuperior being obliged to protect him whom he had employed as a deputy, I muſt be eter-

nally confined as a madman, leſt this worthy deputy ſhould have been proved a rogue. This is the clue to the acquittal I was obliged to ſign. Madam K—— was, at that time, a lady of the bedchamber at court: ſhe could approach the throne; her chamber employments, indeed, procured her the keys of doors that, to me, were eternally locked.

Not ſatisfied with this, Kempf applied to the Empreſs, informed her they were, indeed, acquitted, but not recompenſed, and that Frauenberg required four thouſand florins for remuneration. The Empreſs laid an interdict on the half of my income and penſion. Thus was I obliged to live in poverty, thus baniſhed the Auſtrian dominions, where my ſeventy-ſix thouſand florins were reduced to ſixty-three, the intereſt of which I could only

only receive, and that burthened by the above interdict, the *Fidei commiſſum*, and adminiſtratorſhip. Of all theſe exactions, none ſo nearly, ſo much, affected me, as that of being obliged to preſent four thouſand florins to the man by whom my affairs had been thus adminiſtered.

The Empreſs, indeed, during my ſickneſs, ordered, as an eſpecial favour, that my captain's pay, during my ten year's impriſonment, ſhould be given me, amounting to eight thouſand florins; which pay ſhe alſo ſettled on me as a penſion. By this penſion, however, I never profited; for, during twenty-three years, that and more was ſwallowed by journies to Vienna, chicanery of courtiers, agents, advocates, and coſts of ſuit. Of the eight thouſand florins three were ſtolen during my illneſs; the

court phyſician muſt be paid thrice as much as another, and what remained, after my recovery, was ſunk in the preparations I made, to ſeek my fortune elſewhere. I had, beſide, eight thouſand florins to repay, which had been advanced by my friends while in my dungeon; four thouſand of which were ſent to General Riedt at Berlin.

Thus have I been rendered ſo poor that I have never been able to repay my ſiſter's children the money their mother advanced, while my kind friends, at Vienna, have dignified me with the name of a diſcontented man.

How far my captain's pay was matter of right, or matter of favour, let the world judge, being told I went in the ſervice of Vienna to the city of Dantzic. Neither did this reſtitution of pay equal the ſum I had

had ſent the imperial miniſter to obtain my freedom. It has been aſſerted the Empreſs delivered me from impriſonment. But no, I poſitively declare the contrary. I remained nine months in my dungeon after the articles were ſigned, unthought of, and, when mentioned, by the Auſtrians, the King had twice rejected the propoſal of my being ſet free. The affair actually happened as follows, according to the account I received from their royal highneſſes Prince Henry, Prince Ferdinand of Brunſwick, and, particularly, from the miniſter, Count Hertzberg. General Riedt had received my ten thouſand florins full ſix months, and ſeemed to remember me and my impriſonment no more. One Gala day, however, on the 21ſt of December, the King happened to be in an extraordinary

good humour, and her majeſty the Queen, the Princeſs Amelia, and the preſent monarch, ſaid to the imperial miniſter——" This is a fit opportu-" nity for you to ſpeak in behalf of " Trenck." He, accordingly, waited his time, did ſpeak, and the King replied, " Yes."

The joy of the whole company appeared ſo great that Frederic, *the Great*, was offended!

Other circumſtances, which contributed to promote this affair, the reader will eaſily collect from my hiſtory. That there were perſons in Vienna who earneſtly deſired to detain me in priſon is indubitable, from their proceedings after my return. My friends at Berlin, my own exertions, and my money, were my deliverers.

For ſome weeks after I firſt obtained my freedom, I was generally abſent

abſent in mind, and deep in thought. This was a habit I had acquired in priſon, and the objects of ſight appeared but as the viſions of ſleep. I often ſtopped in the ſtreets, ſtared around me, doubted my own exiſtence, and bit my finger, in order to convince myſelf I was really awake and alive.

How trifling, how inſignificant, does the poor pageantry of greatneſs appear to me at this time! A thouſand people, variouſly bedecked in all their finery, wait expecting the appearance of ſome extraordinary perſonage! The doors are thrown open! An elderly matron enters! Graciouſly ſmiles, and every body moſt humbly ſmiles alſo! She aſks a few queſtions, concerning the wind and weather, of an old prieſt in a red cap and ſtockings, then addreſſes herſelf to an inſignificant Eſop, on whom all

eagerly preſs forward to fawn! The good Lady retires, and the hubbub of the ſynagogue enſues, and this is called a levee! Nor to this ſublime honour may men of honeſt hearts, the friends of virtue, or their country, find admittance; they have not the proper key, or, having it, hold it in contempt. Oh, man! What art thou when called great and honourable! What art thy thoughts, what thy dreams! Doſt thou call thyſelf a man of reaſon, a philoſopher? What doſt thou then at courts?——By me they have long been avoided.

Walking round the ramparts of Vienna, having recovered from my ſickneſs, the vivifying ſpring, and the broad expanſe of heaven, inſpired a conſciouſneſs of preſent freedom and of pleaſure indeſcribable. I heard the morning ſong of the lark. My heart palpitated, my

pulſe

pulſe quickened, the blood trickled through my veins with delight, for I felt I was a man, and recollected I was not in chains. Happen, ſaid I, what may, I fear not futurity ſo long as my feet, my will, and my heart, are free, and, like yonder lark, I can remove from land to land. My ſoul poured forth its thankfulneſs for this conſciouſneſs of freedom, and I determined to fly Vienna, and ſeek ſome corner of the world where virtue has nothing to fear from the tongues of ſlanderers, the commands of courts, or the arbitrary will of monarchs.

If I went into any large companies, their prattle ſo diſtracted my mind, and the lights ſo overpowered my eyes, that I returned home with head-ach, laſſitude, and melancholy.

An accident happened which furthered my project. Marſhal Laudohn was going to Aix la Chapelle,

to take the waters. I had always perſonally honoured and loved this general when he was no more than a captain of pandours in my couſin's regiment. He went to take his leave of the Counteſs Paar; I was preſent; the Empreſs entered the chamber, and, the converſation turning on Laudohn's journey, ſaid to me, "The baths, alſo, are neceſſary "to the re-eſtabliſhment of your "health, Trenck." I was ready, and followed him in two days, where we remained about three months.

Here we were ſtared at as ſtrange animals. All the world wiſhed to ſee him becauſe of his fame in war, and me becauſe of my ſufferings. The ſociety of this worthy general poured balm into my wounded ſoul. He was as well acquainted with Vienna as myſelf: his fortitude and magna-

magnanimity had conquered his enemies. What he was he had made himſelf.

The mode of life at Aix la Chapelle and Spa pleaſed me, where men of all nations meet, and where princes are obliged to mingle with perſons of all ranks, if they wiſh to ſeek converſation, and would not renounce ſociety. One day, here, procured me more pleaſure, eſteem, and friendſhip, than a whole life in Vienna.

I ſcarcely had remained here a month before my ever good friend, the Counteſs Paar, wrote to me that the Empreſs had provided for me, and would make my fortune as ſoon as I ſhould return to Vienna. I endeavoured, by my agents, to diſcover in what this good fortune conſiſted, but ineffectually. I hoped every thing from the Empreſs, who well

well knew my hard deſtiny. The death of the Emperor Francis at Inſpruck occaſioned the return of General Laudohn, and I followed him, on foot, to Vienna.

By means of the Counteſs Paar, I obtained an audience in a few days. The Empreſs received me graciouſly, and ſaid to me, "I will prove to "you, Trenck, that I keep my word. "I have inſured your fortune; I "will give you a rich and prudent "wife." I replied, "Moſt gracious "Sovereign, I cannot determine to "marry, and, if I could, my choice "is already made, at Aix la Cha-"pelle."——"How! are you mar-"ried then?"——"Not yet, pleaſe "your Majeſty."——"Are you pro-"miſed?"——"Yes."——"Well, "well, no matter for that, I will "take care of that affair; I am de-"termined on marrying you to the

"rich

" rich widow of M——, and ſhe ap-
" proves my choice. She is a very
" good kind of woman, and has
" fifty thouſand florins a year. You
" are in want of ſuch a wife."

I was thunder-ſtruck. This lovely bride was an old canting hypocrite, of ſixty three, extremely covetous, and a termagant. I anſwered, " I " muſt frankly ſpeak truth to your " Majeſty; I cannot conſent, did ſhe " poſſeſs the treaſures of the whole " earth. I ſeek happineſs, and not " miſery. I have made my choice, " and given my word of honour, " which, as an honeſt man, I muſt " not break." The angry Empreſs regarded me with contempt, and ſaid, " Your unhappineſs is your " own work. Act as you think " proper; I have done." Here my audience ended, and, thus diſmiſſed, I bade an eternal adieu to

any

any hope of reward from empreſſes, and kings.

Had I been inclined to make my fortune, by marrying an old woman, I might, long before, in 1750, have married one in Holland, worth three millions. This propoſal was to recompenſe me for the loſs of my Sclavonian eſtates, and all my other innumerable afflictions. Compliance was, moreover, impoſſible; I was beloved, in Aix la Chapelle, where mutual affection, reaſon, beauty, worth, and an exalted mind, all promiſed future happineſs.

I was not actually affianced, at that time, to my preſent wife, but love determined me to return, to improve an intimacy ſo far advanced.

Marſhal Laudohn knew my miſtreſs, and promoted the match. He was acquainted with my heart, and

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the warmth of my paſſions, perceived I could not conquer the ſecret deſire of vengeance on men, by whom I had been ſo cruelly, ſo wickedly treated. He, and my friend, Profeſſor Gellert, whom I viſited at Leipſic, both adviſed me to take this mode of calming paſſions, that often inſpired projects too vaſt, and that, ſeeking tranquillity, I ſhould fly the commerce of the great.

This friendly counſel was ſeconded by my own wiſhes. I returned to Aix la Chapelle, in December, 1765, and married the youngeſt daughter of the former Burgomaſter De Broe. He was dead: he had lived on his own eſtate at Bruſſels, where my wife was born, and educated. He had been called to this honourable office, by the unanimous voice of the citizens of Aix la Chapelle. He was

the deſcendant of an ancient and noble family, in the province of Artois; and ſome of his predeceſſors, who poſſeſſed eſtates near Aix la Chapelle, had, I know not for what reaſon, accepted the dignity of knights of the Roman Empire. My wife's mother was ſiſter to the vice-chancellor of Duſſeldorf, Baron Roberte, Lord of Roland.

It is not generally known, at Vienna, that one of the two Burgomaſters of Aix la Chapelle muſt always be elected from a noble family, and the other from the citizens. My children, therefore, can prove their deſcent to be noble, both by the male and female line.

My wife has been with me in moſt parts of Europe, where ſhe has always been eſteemed as ſhe deſerved. She then was young, handſome, worthy and virtuous, has borne

borne me eleven children, all of whom ſhe has nurſed herſelf; eight of them are ſtill living, and have been properly educated. God grant I may be enabled ever to provide for her as ſhe deſerves, and as is my duty. Two and twenty years has ſhe borne a part in all my ſufferings, and well deſerves reward.

During my late ſhort abode at Vienna, I made one effort more, I ſought an audience from the preſent Emperor Joſeph, related all that had happened to me, and particularly remarked ſuch defects as I had obſerved in the government and regulations of the country. He gave me an attentive hearing, proved his deſire to increaſe the happineſs of his people, and commanded me to commit my thoughts to writing. This I accordingly performed, ſtating, with preciſion, and unreſerve,

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the obſervations I had made on affairs, civil, military, and economical.

Might I publiſh this writing, I am perſuaded it would do me no diſhonour, but, on the contrary, ſhew the monarch has, long ſince, profited, by many of the improvements therein ſuggeſted. My memorial was graciouſly received; all I petitioned for was ſecrecy, having therein named ſeveral perſons, who were again capable of making me wretched. I, farther, gave a more ample account of what had happened to me in various countries, and which prudence has occaſioned me to expreſs more cautiouſly, and darkly, in theſe pages. My memorial, though graciouſly received, produced no effect, and I haſtened back to Aix la Chapelle.

For ſome few years, I lived here

in peace; my houſe was the rendezvous of the firſt people, who came to take the waters. I began to be more known, and every where procured myſelf friends, among the very firſt, and beſt people.

I alſo viſited Profeſſor Gellert at Leipſic, ſhewed him my manuſcripts, and aſked his advice, concerning what branch of literature he thought it was probable I might beſt ſucceed in. He moſt approved my fables and tales, but blamed the exceſſive freedom, with which I ſpoke, in my political writings. I neglected his advice, and many enſuing calamities were the conſequence.

My wife brought me a ſon in December 1766, and I took this opportunity of writing to the youthful monarch at Vienna. Though publiſhed in my writings, under the title of Beliſarius to the Emperor Juſtinian,

Juſtinian, I think it neceſſary to inſert what follows here.

"Your Majeſty is informed of "my marriage. My wife has borne "me a ſon, whom I have chriſtened "Joſeph. The imperial chamber- "lain, Colonel and Baron Rippenda, "ſtood ſponſor, by proxy, for your "Majeſty. This was done with- "out firſt obtaining your Majeſty's "conſent. I flattered myſelf your "Majeſty would graciouſly be pleaſ- "ed, thus far, to honour me, know- "ing my loyalty, and my misfor- "tunes. It is, indeed, my hope "that my conduct will procure "from your Majeſty a more happy "futurity. This ſon I ſhall educate "in the ſame loyal principles, and, "rather than depart from them, he "ſhall imbibe poiſon from his mo- "ther's breaſt.

"Moſt gracious Emperor, while

"I live

" I live he will be provided for, but,
" at my death, then muſt he ſay to
" his ſovereign, I am the ſon, and
" rightful heir, of both the Trencks,
" whoſe lands, and poſſeſſions, have
" been ſeized, by ſtrangers, and ali-
" ens. I look up to you, gracious
" Sovereign, as a protecting Deity
" for my poor children. May your
" Majeſty participate my joy, and
" graciouſly welcome this new citi-
" zen of the world. May it alſo
" pleaſe you to inform me whe-
" ther it be your gracious pleaſure
" I ſhould farther preſent my
" thoughts in writing, for your high
" inſpection. My enemies at Vi-
" enna daily increaſe in ſtrength,
" but on your ſovereign protection
" I rely, and, whatever may be my
" fate, ſhall, moſt faithfully, and
" eternally, remain the loyal ſervant
" of

" of my Emperor and my coun-
" try.

" TRENCK."

I have, at preſent, my reaſons for inſerting the following anſwer, which was written by the Emperor's own hand, and is ſtill in my poſſeſſion.

" *Dear Major Trenck,*

" I am well pleaſed that you have
" chriſtened your ſon Joſeph, and
" have choſen Colonel Rippenda as
" my proxy. As a proof of my
" good wiſhes toward you, I have,
" for manifeſt reaſons, ordered that,
" henceforth, you ſhall receive your
" pay at Bruſſels, inſtead of Vienna.
" Continue to ſend me your writ-
" ings; I am pleaſed to be in-
" formed of the truth; but they
" will give me more ſatisfaction,
" ſhould you ſend them ſimple and
" unadorned,

" unadorned, than in their former " ſatirical dreſs.

" I am yours,

" JOSEPH."

I ſoon afterward received orders to correſpond with his Majeſty's private ſecretary, Baron Roder; what this correſpondence was muſt not here be told: ſuffice it to ſay, my attempts to ſerve my country were fruſtrated; I ſaw defects too clearly, ſpoke my thoughts too frankly, and wanted ſufficient humility ever to obtain favour.

In the year 1767 I wrote the Macedonian Hero, which became as famous throughout all Germany as my *Eulenſpiegel.* (The Malicious Wag.) The poem did me honour, but entailed new perſecutions; yet, having wrote it, I never could re-

pent: I have had the honour of preſenting it to five reigning princes, by none of whom it has been burnt. The Empreſs, alone, was highly enraged. I had ſpoken as Nathan did to David, and the Jeſuits now openly became my enemies.

The following vile trick was played me in the year 1768. A friend, in Bruſſels, was commiſſioned to receive my quarterly pay, from whom I learnt an interdict had been laid upon it by the court called Hofkriegſrath, at Vienna, in which I had been condemned to pay a note of ſeven hundred florins to one Buſſy, with fourteen years intereſt.

Buſſy was a known ſwindler. I was conſcious no man on earth had any ſuch claim: I, therefore, journeyed, poſt-haſte, to Vienna. No hearing, no ſatisfactory account was to be obtained. The anſwer was:

Res

Res jam judicata eſt; ſentence is paſt, therefore all further attempts are too late.

I applied to the Emperor Joſeph, pledged my honour, and my head, to prove the falſification of this note; and intreated a reviſion of the cauſe. My requeſt was granted, and my attorney, Weyhrauch, was an upright man. When he began to ſpeak, and requeſt a day of reviſion to be appointed, he was threatened to be committed by the referendary, Zetto, ſhould he undertake to interfere and defend the affairs of Trenck. He anſwered, firmly, " His defence is " my buſineſs in this place: I know " my cauſe to be good." Silence was impoſed, and nothing further done.

Four months did I continue in Vienna before the day was appointed

to reviſe this cauſe. It now appeared evidently there were eraſures and holes through the paper, in three places: all in court were convinced the claim ought to be annulled, and the claimant puniſhed. Zetto, notwithſtanding, ordered the parties to withdraw, and then ſo managed that the judges reſolved the caſe muſt be again laid before the court, with formal written proofs.

This gave time for new knavery: I was obliged to return to Aix la Chapelle, and four years elapſed before this affair, clear as the meridian ſun, was decided. Two prieſts, in the interim, who were ſuch as father confeſſors to convents uſually are, took falſe oaths that they had actually ſeen me receive the money. At length, however, I proved that the note was dated a year after I had been impriſoned at Magdeburg, I,

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conſequently, could not give any ſuch note in Vienna. Nay, farther, my attorney proved the very writs of the court had, likewiſe, been falſified. Zetto, the referendary, and Buſſy, were abſolutely the forgers, but I happened to be too active, and my attorney too honeſt, to loſe this cauſe. I was obliged to make three very expenſive journies from Aix la Chapelle to Vienna, leſt judgment ſhould go by default. Sentence at laſt was neceſſarily pronounced; I gained my cauſe, and the note was declared a forgery, but the coſts, amounting to three thouſand five hundred florins, I was obliged to pay, for Buſſy could not; nor was he corporally puniſhed, though at laſt driven from Vienna for his villainous acts. Zetto, however, ſtill continued referendary, ſtill continued, for eighteen years, my barbarous perſecutor; till, not long

ſince, he was deprived of his office, and condemned to the houſe of correction.

May no ſuch judgments ever again be given in courts at Vienna; where, perhaps, I am the only one whoſe perſeverance and courage would have demonſtrated their injuſtice. But this perſeverance, this courage, have made theſe courts my enemies, as I have ſince bitterly experienced. Too late was Zetto puniſhed for the welfare of many a widow and orphan, and ſtill are numerous of his vile practices unknown.

This cauſe excited many remarks at Vienna; I gained much honour, but more expence and trouble. I took this opportunity to ſolicit juſtice in my other affairs, but to little purpoſe, except that the world began

gan to know me better, and afford me ſomewhat more of its pity.

My knowledge of the world increaſed at Aix la Chapelle, where men of all nations and characters met, particularly Engliſh. In the morning I might converſe with a lord in oppoſition, in the afternoon with an orator of the King's party; and at night with an honeſt man of no party. In converſation like this knowledge is acquired and imparted. I ſent Hungarian wine into England, France, Holland, and the Empire; this occaſioned me to undertake long journies, and as my increaſe of acquaintance gave me opportunities of receiving many foreigners with politeneſs in my own houſe, I was, myſelf, alſo, well received whereever I went.

The income I ſhould have had from Vienna was all ingulphed by

law-ſuits, curators, attornies, and the journies I was obliged to undertake; having been thrice cited to appear, in perſon, before the Hofkriegſrath. To me nothing remained; I was deſcribed as a dangerous malecontent, who had deſerted his native land, by which inſinuations my enemies took care to profit. I, nevertheleſs, remained, be the country in which I lived what it would, an honeſt man; one who could provide for his own neceſſities without meanneſs or the favour of courts; one whoſe acquaintance was every where eſteemed. In Vienna, alone, was I unſought, unemployed, and obſcure.

My love of the chace made me particularly acceptable to the Engliſh, who brought with them their own horſes and dogs, to hunt the wolf and wild boar, animals not to be found in their own country. I,

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in return, paſſed whole ſummers at their country ſeats in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and thus obtained a thorough knowledge of the nation.

The Elector Palatine had granted me a certain extent of country in the territory of Juliers, where I might hunt, and the Count Palatine of the Rhine gave me permiſſion to hunt where I pleaſed. To defend this right of hunting was now my duty, and occaſioned various diſputes; theſe, however, were not often determined in courts of law, but, uſually, every man aſſerted his claim with his ſword.

One day an accident happened, on this occaſion, which made me renowned over the country as a magician, as one whom lead could not penetrate, and who had power over fogs and clouds.

I had a quarrel with the Palatine preſident, Baron Blankart, concerning a hunting diſtrict, I, therefore, wrote to him that, on a certain day, he ſhould repair to the ſpot in diſpute, whither I would alſo come, at ten in the morning, with ſword and piſtol, hoping he would there give me ſatisfaction for the affront I had received. Hither I went, with two huntſmen, and two friends, but, inſtead of the baron, was aſtoniſhed to find two hundred armed peaſants aſſembled.

What was to be done? I ſent one of my huntſmen to the army of the enemy, informing them that, did they not beat a retreat, I ſhould fire. It was in the month of Auguſt, the day was clear and fine, and, ſuddenly, a thick and impenetrable fog aroſe. My huntſman returned, with intelligence that, having delivered his meſſage

meſſage juſt as the fog came on, theſe valiant heroes had all run away in the greateſt fright.

I advanced, found nobody, fired my piece, as did my friends and followers, and marched to the manſion of my adverſary, where my hunting horn was blown in triumph, in his court-yard. The runaway peaſants fired at a diſtance, but the fog prevented their taking any aim.

Having taken this ſatisfaction, I returned home, where many falſe reports had preceded me. My wife expected I ſhould be brought home dead, and that many others would be maimed, however, not the leaſt miſchief had happened.

It ſoon was propagated through the country that I was a magician, had raiſed a fog to render myſelf invulnerable, and that the truth of

this could be juſtified by two hundred eye witneſſes. All the monks of Aix la Chapelle, Juliers, and Cologn, publicly preached concerning me, reviled me, and warned the people to beware of the arch-magician, and lutheran, Trenck.

On a future occaſion, this belief I turned to matter of merriment. I went to hunt the wolf in the extenſive foreſts of the county of Monjoye, and invited the peaſants and townſmen to the chace. The firſt day we had but little ſport; toward evening I, and ſome forty of my followers, retired to reſt in the neighbouring charcoal huts, well provided with wine and brandy. "My lads," ſaid I, "it is now neceſſary you "ſhould all diſcharge your pieces, "and load them anew, that to-mor-"row no wolf may eſcape, and that "none of you may excuſe yourſelves

"on your pieces miſſing fire." The guns were accordingly reloaded, and placed in a ſeparate chamber, after which, they began to eat, drink, and dance. While they were merry-making, my huntſman privately went into this chamber, drew the balls, and charged the pieces with powder, various of which he loaded with double charges. Some of their notched balls I put into my pocket.

In the morning, away went I, and my merry fellows, to the chace. As we walked, their converſation turned on my necromancy, and the miraculous manner in which I could envelop myſelf in a cloud, or make myſelf bullet proof. "What is "that you are talking about, my "lads?" ſaid I. "Some of theſe "unbelieving good folks," anſwered my huntſman, "affirm your Ho-"nour is unable to ward off balls."

"Well

"Well then," ſaid I, laughing, to one of them, "fire away, my good "fellow, and try." The man refuſed, and my huntſman took his piece out of his hand, and fired. I pretended to parry with my hand, and called, "Let any man, that is ſo "inclined, fire, but only one at a "time." Accordingly, they began, and, pretending to twiſt and turn about, I ſuffered them all to diſcharge their pieces. It muſt be remarked I was perfectly ſecure, as my people had carefully noticed that no man had reloaded his gun. Some of them received ſuch blows from the guns that were doubly charged, that they fell down, terrified in amazement, at the powers of magic. I advanced, holding in my hand ſome of the marked balls. "Let "every one chooſe his own," called I. All ſtood motionleſs, and many of them

them ſlunk home, with their guns on their ſhoulders; ſome few remained, and our ſport was excellent.

On Sunday the monks of Aix la Chapelle again began to preach. My black art became the theme of the whole country, and, at this day, many of the people preſent will make oath that they fired upon me, and that, after catching them in my hand, I returned the balls.

Thus eaſy is it to gull this wiſe world. My high and invulnerable qualities were publiſhed throughout Juliers, Aix la Chapelle, Maeſtricht, and Cologne, and perhaps this belief has more than ten times ſaved my life; the prieſts having propagated it, from their pulpits, in a country which ſo ſwarms with highway robbers that one hundred and ſixty men have been broken alive on the wheel, quartered, and burnt,

within

within a year, and where, for a ſingle ducat, any man may hire an aſſaſſin.

It is indeed no ſmall matter of ſurpriſe that I ſhould, for years, have preſerved my life in a town, where there are twenty-three monaſteries and churches, and where the monks are all adored as ſo many deities. The catholic clergy had been ſufficiently enraged againſt me, by my poem of "The Macedonian Hero;" and, in 1772, I publiſhed a newſpaper at Aix la Chapelle, and another periodical work entitled, "The "Friend of Men," in which I endeavoured to unmaſk hypocriſy. Indeed for me, an apoſtolic major of the apoſtolic Maria-Thereſa, to write thus in a town ſwarming with friars, and in a tone ſo undaunted, was unexampled.

At preſent, now toleration and free-

freedom of opinion are more encouraged, by the Emperor, Joſeph II. many ſuch eſſayiſts encounter bigotry and deceit with ridicule; or, wanting invention themſelves, publiſh extracts from writings that belong to the age of Luther. I have the honour of having attacked the very pillars of the Romiſh hierarchy in days more dangerous; I may boaſt of being the firſt German who, unprotected, raiſed a fermentation on the Upper Rhine, and in the ſtate of Auſtria, ſo advantageous to truth, the progreſs of the human underſtanding, and the happineſs of futurity.

Let the world read and judge of my writings! They contain nothing inimical to the pure morality taught by Chriſt. I attacked the ſale of indulgences, the avarice of Rome, the lazineſs, deceit, licentious glut-

tony,

tony, robbery, and blood-ſucking of the monks of Aix la Chapelle, who ſought the murder of each other in the very church, and in preſence of the altar. I wrote as a moraliſt, and morals do not enrich monks. Therefore did the arch-prieſt, and nine of his coadjutors, declare, every Sunday, from the pulpit, publickly naming me, I was a free-thinker, a wizard, one whom every man, wiſhing well to God and the Church, ought to aſſaſſinate. The Jeſuit Father Zünder declared I was invulnerable, and a day was appointed, on which my writings were to be burnt before my houſe, the houſe itſelf eraſed, and its inhabitants maſſacred. My wife received letters, warning her to fly with her children for ſafety, which warning ſhe in terror obeyed. I and two of my huntſmen remained, provided with

eighty-

eighty-four loaded muſkets. Theſe I diſplayed in the gallery before the window, that all might be convinced I would make a deſperate defence. I lived oppoſite the court houſe. The appointed day came, and Father Zünder, with my writings in his hand, attended by all the ſtudents in the town, appeared ready for the attack; the other monks had incited the towns-people to a general ſtorm; no man, however, had the heart to appear in the market place, while I ſtood in a gallery ſo well ſtored with fire arms. Thus paſſed the day and night in ſuſpenſe.

In the morning a fire broke out in the town. I haſtened, fearleſs, with my two huntſmen, ſecretly well armed, to give aſſiſtance: we daſhed the water from our buckets, and all obeyed my directions. Father Zünder and his ſtudents were there, likewiſe; I approached

approached him by degrees, and ſtruck his anointed ear with my leathern bucket, as if by accident, which no man thought proper to notice. I paſſed undaunted through the crowd, the people all ſmiled, pulled off their hats, and wiſhed me a good morning. Such are the populace, when they perceive they are not feared. The people of Aix la Chapelle were ſtupid bigots, but too cowardly to murder a man who was prepared for his own defence. Here the threats of my adverſaries for this time ended.

As I was riding to Maeſtricht through a hollow-way, a ball whiſtled by my ears, which, no doubt, was a meſſenger ſent after me by theſe perſecuting prieſts.

When hunting near the convent of Schwartzenbruck, three Dominicans lay in ambuſh for me behind a hedge.

a hedge. One of their colleagues, who often hunted with me, pointed out the place. I was on my guard with my double-barrelled gun, drew near, but called with a voice of terror—"Shoot, ſcoundrels! But do not "kill me, for the devil ſtands ready "for you at your elbow!"—One fired, and they all ran; the ball hit my hat. I fired, likewiſe, and wounded one deſperately, whom the other two carried off: he recovered, however, and, afterward, eloped with a cow-girl.

Their attempts at poiſoning me were all unſucceſsful, for I always ate at home. In the year 1774, journeying from Spa to Limbourg, I was attacked by eight banditti. The weather was rainy, and my muſket was in its caſe; my ſabre was entangled in the belt, ſo that, unable to draw it, I was obliged to defend myſelf as with a club. I ſprang from

from the carriage, and, with every effort of nature, fought in defence of my life, ſtriking down all before me, while my faithful huntſman protected me behind. I diſperſed my aſſailants, haſtened to my carriage, and drove away. One of theſe fellows was, ſoon after, hanged, and owned, before execution, that the confeſſor of this banditti had promiſed perpetual abſolution, could they but diſpatch me, but that no man could ſhoot me, becauſe that Lucifer had rendered me invulnerable. Perſuaded of the truth of this, fortunately for me, they had only aſſaulted me with clubs. My ſtrength and agility, fighting too for life, was ſuperior to theirs, and they buried two of their gang, whom, with my heavy ſabre, I had killed. I eſcaped with a bruiſed arm and ſhoulder; my

my huntſman received a violent blow with a ſtone.

To ſuch exceſs of cruelty may the violence and rage of prieſts be carried! Yet did not my writings contain a ſingle word inimical to the pure morality of Chriſt: I attacked only groſs abuſes, the deceit and laſciviouſneſs of the monks of Aix la Chapelle, Cologne, and Liege, where they are worſe than canibals, wallowing, like ſwine, in the ſlough of ignorance and gluttony. I wiſhed to inculcate the true Chriſtian duties among my fellow citizens, and the attempt was ſufficient to irritate the ſelfiſh church of Rome.

From my Empreſs I had nothing further to hope. Her confeſſor had painted me, with all the craft of a prieſt, as an arch-heretic, and a perſecutor of the holy and bleſſed mother church. Nor was this all: opi-

opinions were artfully propagated, through Vienna, that I was a reſtleſs man, dangerous to the community. Such, indeed, is the univerſal ſuppoſition of all who have neither perſonally known me, nor read my writings.

Hence, too, was I always wronged in courts of judicature, where there are ever found wicked or bigoted men. The latter thought they were ſerving the cauſe of God by injuring me; and the former are ever the enemies of pure and ſimple truth, undauntedly diſplayed, it being their intereſt that virtue and patriotiſm ſhould fall the victims of falſehood. Yet were they unable to prevent my writings producing me much money, or being circulated through all Germany. The Aix la Chapelle Journal or Gazette became ſo famous, in the firſt year, that, in the ſecond, I had

four

four thouſand ſubſcribers, by each of whom I gained a ducat.

The poſtmaſters, who gain conſiderably by circulating newſpapers, were envious, becauſe the Aix la Chapelle Gazette deſtroyed ſeveral of the others, and, therefore, formed a combination.

I will briefly notice what ſo much contributed to the ſale of my paper. I was acquainted with moſt countries and courts, in which I had the beſt of correſpondents: wherefore, inſtead of merely relating paſt events, I could foretel future. I was, ſometimes, obliged to be ambiguous, yet my meaning was very capable of being underſtood.

Prince Charles of Sweden, eldeſt brother of the preſent King, placed the greateſt confidence in me during his reſidence at Aix la Chapelle and Spa, and I accompanied him into

Holland. When I took my leave of him at Maeſtricht, while we were in the ſubterranean gallery of the fortifications, he ſaid to me, "When my father dies, either my "brother ſhall be king, or we will "loſe our heads."* The King died, and Prince Charles, ſoon after, ſaid, in the poſtſcript of one of his letters, "What we ſpoke of at Maeſ- "tricht will ſoon be fully accom- "pliſhed, and you may then come "to Stockholm."

On this I inſerted an article in my Gazette, declaring a revolution had taken place in Sweden, and that the king had made himſelf abſolute. The other papers thought proper to expreſs their doubts, and I, im-

* The prince meant to ſay the power of his father was ſo limited that he was not a king. The preſent monarch has taken care to have no ſuch complaint. T.

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mediately, offered to wager a thouſand ducats on the truth of every article publiſhed in my Gazette under the title "Aix la Chapelle." The news of the revolution in Sweden was inſtantaneouſly confirmed. This incident added greatly to the authenticity of my paper.

My Gazette foretold the Poliſh partition ſix weeks ſooner than any other; but how I obtained this intelligence muſt not here be mentioned. I, alſo, was active in the defence of Queen Matilda of Denmark.

The French miniſtry were highly offended at the following paſquinade: "The three eagles have rent "the Poliſh bear; without loſing a "feather, with which any man in "the cabinet of Verſailles can write. "Since the death of Mazarine, they "write there only with gooſe quills."

By desire of the King of Poland, I wrote a narrative of the attempt made to assassinate him, and named the nuncio, who had given a general absolution to the conspirators in the chapel of the holy virgin.

The house was now in flames. Rome insisted I should recal my words. Her nuncio, at Cologne, vented poison, daggers, and excommunication: the Empress-Queen, herself, thought proper to interfere. I obtained from Warsaw a copy of the examination of the conspirators for my justification. This I threatened to publish, and stood, unmoved, in the defence of truth. I derived new honour, but new persecutors, likewise; as for protectors none: mine was the fate of all reformers, who must expect reward beyond the grave.

The Empress wrote to the post-master general of the empire, commanded

manded him to lay an interdict on the Aix la Chapelle Gazette. Informed of this, I ended its publication with the year, but wrote an eſſay on the partition of Poland; which, alſo, did but increaſe my enemies. The prieſts took care not to be idle at theſe moments.

The magiſtracy of Aix la Chapelle is elected from the lower ranks of people, and the Burger's court conſiſts of an ignorant rabble. I know no exceptions, but Baron Lamberte and De Witte; and, to heighten the ridicule, this people aſſume to themſelves titles of dignity, for which they are amenable to the fiſcal court at Vienna. Knowing I found little protection at Vienna, they imagined they might attack and drive me from their town. I was a ſpy on their evil deeds, of whom they would willingly have rid themſelves.

I, likewiſe, knew that the two ſheriffs, Kloſs and Furth, and the recorder, Geyer, had robbed the town-chamber of forty-thouſand dollars, and divided the ſpoil. To theſe I was a dangerous man; for ſuch reaſons, they ſought a quarrel with me, pretending I had committed a treſpaſs by breaking down a hedge, and ſent a ſergeant, citing me to appear at their town-houſe.

It is a well-known right of the empire, that no magiſtrate of theſe courts can enforce the perſonal appearance of a ſtaff-officer. I was ſubject only to the court called Hofkriegſrath, at Vienna. But by this court they ſoon underſtood I ſhould not be protected. A moſt diſagreeable litigation enſued. By accident I obtained a letter from Count Gravenitz, member of the Aulic council, to the poſtmaſter, Heinſ-

berg,

berg, with whom I had alſo a ſuit pending, in which he ſaid that, though juſtice was on my ſide, he would undertake to weary me by procraſtination: he fulfilled his promiſe, and my wife was obliged to pay three hundred florins of gold, under pain of execution, while I was abſent at Vienna, endeavouring to obtain right.

This was a trifle. The poſtmaſter, Heinſberg, of Aix la Chapelle, although he had two thouſand three hundred rix-dollars of mine in his poſſeſſion, inſtituted falſe ſuits againſt me, on pretence of a note, which was nothing more than a receipt, for a thouſand dollars on account, obtained verdicts againſt me contrary to the moſt clear and evident juſtice, ſeized on a cargo of wine, worth three thouſand eight hundred dollars, at Cologne, and I, on the whole,

incurred losses to the amount of eighteen thousand florins, exclusive of the interruption given to the trade I carried on in wine; which devoured the fortune of my wife, and by which she, with myself, and my children, were reduced to poverty.

Let it not be imagined these are merely assertions. The president of one of the courts, to whom I complained, after moralizing concerning the vanity of earthly, and the reality of heavenly, hopes, in a letter told me, "It might be the will of God "that I should be treated with in-"justice. He could afford me no "help, for he had received her "majesty's commands."——The referendary, Gravenitz, himself, in 1778, with tears in his eyes, acknowledged how much he had injured me, affirmed he had been deceived, and promised he would

endeavour to obtain reſtitution. I was moved, and forgave him, and he attempted to keep his promiſe; but his power declined, his corruptneſs had been manifeſt, the bribes he had received were become too public. He was, at length, diſpoſſeſſed of his poſt, but, alas! too late for me. He now lives, like the greater part of my enemies, a baniſhed man in Poland, deſpiſed, and in poverty. Two other of my judges are at this time obliged, in chains, to ſweep the ſtreets of Vienna, where they are condemned to the houſe of correction. Had this been their employment, inſtead of being ſeated on the ſeat of judgment, twenty years ago, I might have been more fortunate. It certainly is a remarkable circumſtance that I ſhould ſo often and ſo continually have been deſpoiled by unjuſt judges. Who

would have dared to have publiſhed their deſerts during the plenitude of their power? Who would have had the temerity to affirm their evil ſhould hereafter bring them to attend on the city ſcavenger? I, indeed, knew them but too well, and, fearleſs, ſpoke what I knew. But I was a reſtleſs man! A ſlanderer of imperial courts of juſtice I! It was my misfortune, not my fault, that I was acquainted with their mal-practices ſooner than my gracious ſovereign.

Here let the ſcene cloſe on my litigations at Aix la Chapelle and Vienna. May God preſerve every honeſt man from the like! True it is they hang heavy on my heart. They have ſwallowed up my own property, and that of my innocent wife. Enough! Enough!

From the year 1774 to 1777 I chiefly ſpent my time in journeying through

through England and France. I was intimate with Dr. Franklin, the American miniſter; alſo, with the Counts St. Germain and Vergennes, who made me advantageous propoſals to go to America; but I was prevented accepting them by my affection for my wife and children.

My kind friend, the Landgrave of Heſſe-Caſſel, who had been governor of Magdeburg during my impriſonment, offered me a commiſſion in his ſervice among the troops going to America: but I anſwered—

"Gracious prince, my heart beats "in the cauſe of freedom only, I "will never aſſiſt in enſlaving men. "Were I at the head of your brave "grenadiers, I ſhould revolt to the "Americans."

During the year 1775 I continued, at Aix la Chapelle, my periodical eſſays, entitled, "The Friend of

" Men." My writings had made ſome impreſſion; the people began to read; the monks were ridiculed, and became more humble: my partizans increaſed, and their arch-leader had the good fortune to get himſelf cudgelled.

They did not now mention my name publicly, but catechiſed their penitents at confeſſion. During this year various ſimple people came to me from Cologne, Bonn, and Duſſeldorf, deſiring to ſpeak with me in private. When I inquired their buſineſs, they told me their clergy had informed them I was propagating a new religion, in which every man muſt ſign himſelf over to the devil, who, then, would ſupply them with money. They were willing to become converts to my faith, would Beelzebub but give them money, and revenge them on their prieſts. " My

" good

"good friends," answered, I, "your "teachers have deceived you: I "know of no devils but themselves. "Were it, indeed, true that I was "founding a new religion, the con-"verts to which the devil would sup-"ply with money, your bishops and "priests would be the very first of "my apostles, and the most catholic. "I am an honest moral man, my wor-"thy friends, as a Christian ought to "be. Go home, in God's name, and "do your duty. Be honest and in-"dustrious, and you will not then "want the devil to bring you money."

I forgot to mention in its place that the recorder or president of the sheriff's court at Aix la Chapelle, who is the son of the banker Geyer, and who is called Baron Geyer, had associated himself, in 1778, with a Jew convert, and a knight of industry; and that this noble company,

in

in concert, ſwindled a Dutch merchant out of eighty thouſand florins, by aſſuming the arms of the Elector Palatine, and producing forged receipts and contracts. Geyer was taken in Amſterdam, and would have been hanged, but that, by the aid of a faithful ſervant, he effected his eſcape. He returned to Aix la Chapelle, where he enjoys his honourable office.—Three years ago it was proved he had robbed the town-chamber. His handſome wife was, at that time, *generis communis*, and procured him powerful friends at court. The aſſertions of this worthy gentleman found greater credit at Vienna than thoſe of the innocent, the injured Trenck. Oh, Shame! Shame!——Oh, World! World! World!

My wine trade was ſo ſucceſsful that I had correſpondents and ſtores

in

in London, Paris, Bruxelles, Hamburg, and the Hague, and had gained forty-thouſand florins, with the moſt flattering proſpects from England. One unfortunate day deſtroyed all my ſucceſsful hopes in this traffic.

Being in London, I was defrauded of eighteen hundred guineas by a ſwindler. The relating of this ſtory will do but little honour to the Engliſh nation. The fault was, principally, my brother-in-law's, a young man, who parted with the wine before he had received the money. In England there is no law againſt ſuch deceivers. They bid you truſt no-body, you will then not be wronged. And when I had been wronged, and aſked my friend's aſſiſtance, I was only laughed at; as if they were happy that an Engliſhman had the wit to cheat a German.

I can-

I cannot give a circumſtantial hiſtory of this affair, but it is neceſſary to narrate it in the abſtract, our prejudices being ſo ſtrong in favour of the great worth and juſtice of the Britiſh nation.

Finding myſelf defrauded of my wine, I haſtened to Sir John Fielding. He was acquainted with me, told me he knew I had been ſwindled, and that his friendſhip would make him active in my behalf; that he, alſo, knew the houſes where my wine was depoſited, and that a party of his runners ſhould go with me, ſufficiently ſtrong for its recovery. I was little aware that he had, at that time, two hundred bottles of my beſt Tokay in his cellar. His pretended kindneſs was a ſnare; he was in partnerſhip with robbers, the ſtupid among whom only he hung, and preſerved the moſt

moſt adroit for the promotion of trade.

He ſent a conſtable and ſix of his runners with me, commanding them to act under my orders. By good fortune I had a violent head-ach, and could not attend them myſelf, but ſent my brother-in-law, who ſpoke better Engliſh than I. Him they brought to the houſe of a Jew, and told him, "Your wine, ſir, is "here concealed." Though it was broad day, the door was locked, that he might be induced to act illegally. The conſtable deſired him to break the door open, which he, accordingly, did: the Jews, in a pretended fright, came running, and aſked—"What do you want, gentlemen?" —"I want my wine," anſwered my brother. —"Take what is your "own," replied a Jew, "but be-

"ware

" ware of touching my property. " I have bought the wine."

My brother attended the conſtable and runners into a cellar, and there found a great part of my wine. He wrote to Sir John Fielding, that he had found the wine, and deſired to know how he was to act. Fielding, by a verbal meſſage, anſwered—" It " muſt be taken by the owner."—My brother, accordingly, got a cart, and ſent me the wine.

He attended the runners, in like manner, to the houſe of another Jew, where they proceeded as before, and he came back quite rejoiced at having recovered the wine.

Next day came a conſtable, with a warrant, ſaying, " He wanted to " ſpeak with my brother, and that " it was to go to my friend, Sir " John Fielding." When he was in the ſtreet he touched him with his

his ſtaff, and told him—"Sir, you "are my priſoner."—Here it muſt be remarked that no man can be arreſted in his own houſe in London; but that, when he is in the ſtreet, and the conſtable has touched him with his ſtaff, he is beyond delivery; and, ſhould he run, would be ſtopped by the people.

All this I was a ſpectator of through the window, unable to give any aſſiſtance. I went, however, to Sir John Fielding, and aſked what it all meant. This upright juſtice anſwered, in a magiſterial tone—That my brother had been accuſed of felony. The Jews and ſwindlers had ſworn the wine was a legal purchaſe. If I had not taken care to be paid, or was ignorant of the Engliſh laws, that was my fault. Six ſwindlers had ſworn the wine was paid for; which circumſtance he had not known,

known, or he ſhould not have granted me a warrant. My brother had, alſo, broken open doors, and forcibly taken away wine which was not his own. They had legally made oath of this, and he was charged with burglary and robbery.

He farther deſired me, immediately, to give bail in a thouſand guineas for my brother, for his appearance in the court of king's bench; otherwiſe, his trial would immediately come on, and in a few days he would be hanged.

What was my rage at finding myſelf thus treated! And how willingly would I have plunged my ſword in the breaſt of a man ſo vile as this chief magiſtrate of London!

I haſtened to a lawyer, who was my friend, who confirmed what had been told me, adviſed me immediately to give bail, and he would then

defend my cauſe. I applied to Lord Mansfield, and received the ſame anſwer. I told my ſtory to all my great friends, who were, chiefly, members of parliament, and they laughed at me, that I ſhould trade in London, without better underſtanding the laws. My intimate friend, Lord Groſvenor, ſaid, "Send "more wine to London, and we "will pay you ſo well that you will "ſoon recover your loſs."——This is the character of the nation. I am certain he would have kept his word, but I wanted the neceſſary capital.

I went to my wine merchants, who had ſtock in hand of mine worth upward of a thouſand guineas. They gave bail for my brother, and in four days he was releaſed.

Fielding, in the interim, ſent his runners

runners to my houſe, took back the wine, and reſtored it to the Jews, as property of which they had been robbed. They threatened farther to proſecute me as a receiver of ſtolen goods. I fled, in all haſte, from London, through Dover, to Paris, where I immediately ſold off my remaining ſtock at half price, honoured my bills, and ſo ended my merchandize.

My brother returned to London, in November, to defend his cauſe in the court of king's bench; but the ſwindlers had diſappeared, and the lawyer required a hundred pounds to proceed. The concluſion of all this was, my brother returned, with ſeventy pounds leſs in his pocket, ſpent as travelling expences; and the ſtock, in the hands of my wine merchants, was detained on pretence of paying the bail. They brought me in an apothe-

apothecary's bill, and all was loſt. Thus do the Engliſh treat the Germans, notwithſtanding I had ſo many friends in London.

I might fill a volume with ſimilar inſtances. I ſhall only relate one ſhort ſtory. A German violin-maker, in London, intending to return home, had bought his wife a ſilver coffee-pot, which was left ſtanding on the table in his chamber. Some one knocked at the door, and two Jews entered. One beſpoke a violin, the other, while he was converſing, ſnatched up the coffee-pot, and ran. The German looked round, and miſſed the coffee-pot, but the other Jew told him, "Do not be uneaſy, my friend, go "with me, and I will make my "comrade give you back your cof-"fee-pot. It is only ſome trick: "he is a mad-headed fellow."

The

The poor German went with the Jew, who brought him into a chamber, where were four other Jews, and his coffee-pot on the table. He took it, and ſaid, "God be praiſed, "I have found it once more." The Jew anſwered not a word; and the German returned home with his coffee-pot.—Forthwith went five Iſraelites to the juſtice, and ſwore that the German had entered their chamber, and ſtolen thereout a ſilver coffee-pot. A conſtable attended them to the German's houſe. The Jew ſaid, "That is my coffee-pot:" and the other ſwearers anſwered, "Yes, "that is yours." The German was taken into cuſtody, and, being deſtitute of witneſſes, was hung upon the evidence of the five Jews.

I ſpoke with this poor fellow in priſon, who told me the ſtory himſelf, and actually ſaw this honeſt man

man hung, by the pityleſs Engliſh. What will my readers now ſay to this high-eſteemed nation, which, in reality, for a thouſand reaſons, merits our contempt?

Enough of the proud and ſelfiſh Britons, who would treat us, and all other nations, as they do their negroes, were we to fall under their dominion.*

Many

* The names of the wine merchants are omitted in the tranſlation: the Baron may have been miſtaken; they *may* have acted honeſtly. There is no doubt of the Baron's veracity; that is, ſpeaking from the conviction of his own mind. He was in England, and, as he himſelf aſſerts, moſt ſhamefully ſwindled: thoſe concerned have ſince become notorious. The perplexities of law daily expoſe the natives themſelves to the arts of the diſhoneſt. This is an inevitable defect, the conſequence of an advantage, the value of which foreigners ſeldom underſtand: they are, from temperament, more haſty than the Engliſh; they have been accuſ-

Many other particulars remain to be told of Aix la Chapelle, for which I have not ſufficient room in this place.

The Swediſh General Sprengporten came to Aix la Chapelle, in the year 1776.

tomed, in ſtates leſs free, when injuſtice is manifeſt, to more ſummary proceedings; and, when they have any diſpute in England, they uſually fall into the very worſt hands. Let us hope the Baron was miſinformed, haſty, and that the memory of Sir John Fielding has been wronged! If not—!

The Baron ſo little knew how he was to act, that it is impoſſible, from his narrative, to ſay whether his brother was arreſted as a debtor or impriſoned as a felon. His perplexity and diſtreſs inſpire abhorrence for thoſe inſtruments by whom, inſtead of vigorouſly protecting an uninformed ſtranger, they were increaſed. The liberal-minded Engliſhman will pardon his ſeverity on the nation, remembering how he was treated; though by individuals whom this and every nation muſt pity and deſpiſe.

The

1776. He had planned and carried into execution the revolution ſo highly favourable to the King, but had ſuddenly left Sweden in diſcontent, and came to take the waters with a rooted hypochondria.

He was the moſt dangerous man in Sweden, and had told the King himſelf, after the revolution, in the preſence of his guards, "While "Sprengporten can hold a ſword, "the King has nothing to com-"mand."

It was feared he would go to Ruſſia, and Prince Charles wrote to

The ſtory of the poor German and his coffee-pot, if the Baron was not deceived, is indeed a tragical one: yet would the oaths of five Jews have hung five hundred, or five thouſand, Engliſhmen; were they equally deſtitute of the means to prove the falſity of ſuch accuſations. Not the laws, not the nation, wicked men only were guilty of this murder. T.

me, in the name of the monarch, deſiring I would exert myſelf, to the utmoſt, to make myſelf intimate with him, and perſuade him to return to Sweden. No taſk could have been more difficult. He was a man of unbounded pride, which, notwithſtanding the greatneſs of his abilities, rendered him either a fool or a madman. He likewiſe deſpiſed every thing that was not Swediſh.

Never did I undertake any affair with more ardour or better ſucceſs: I accompliſhed my purpoſe, gained his friendſhip, an unlimited power over his mind, and reſtored him to his king and country.

The Pruſſian miniſter, Count Hertzberg, the ſame year, came to Aix la Chapelle: I enjoyed the honour of his ſociety and converſation three months, and every where accompanied this great man. To his libera-

liberality am I indebted, that I can, at preſent, return to my country with honour. —— As often as they read this, let my children remember the reaſons I have had for inculcating this gratitude in their infant hearts.

The time I had to ſpare was not ſpent in idleneſs; I attacked thoſe ſharpers, in my weekly writings, who attend at Aix la Chapelle and Spa, to plunder both inhabitants and viſitants, under the connivance of the magiſtracy: nor are there wanting foreign noblemen, who become the aſſociates of theſe peſts of ſociety. The publication of ſuch truths endangered my life from ſome of the deſperadoes, who, when detected, had nothing more to loſe. How powerful is an innocent life, how great that preſence of mind which conſcious virtue inſpires, nothing can

more fully prove, than that I ſtill exiſt, in deſpite of all the attempts of wicked and ignorant monks, and deſpicable ſharpers.

Though my life was much diſturbed, yet do I not repent of my manner of acting: many a youth, many a brave and worthy man have I preſerved from deſtruction, detained from the gaming table, and perſonally pointed out to them the moſt notorious ſharpers. This was ſo injurious to Spa that the biſhop of Liege, himſelf, who enjoys a tax of forty per cent. on all their winnings, and therefore protects ſuch villains, offered me an annual penſion of five hundred guineas, if I would not come to Spa; or three per cent. on the winnings, would I but aſſociate myſelf with Colonel N——t, and raiſe recruits for the gaming table. My anſwer may eaſily be imagined, yet,

for

for this, was I threatened to be excommunicated by the holy catholic church.

I and my family paſſed the greateſt part of ſixteen ſummers in Spa. My houſe became the rendezvous of the beſt and moſt reſpectable part of the company, and I perſonally known to ſome of the moſt worthy people in Europe.

Through life it has been my conſtant deſire to act for the benefit of others, and to obtain juſtice for the whole world, as well as for myſelf. Fatal experience has convinced me how viſionary ſuch ſchemes are. — By an effort of this kind I gave myſelf new cauſe of uneaſineſs.

A conteſt aroſe between the town of Aix la Chapelle, and Baron Blankart, the maſter of the hounds to the Elector Palatine: it originated in a diſpute concerning precedence,

between the before-mentioned wife of the recorder, Geyer (who was, at this time, miſtreſs to Baron Blankart, and alſo to a young canon of the church), and the ſiſter of the Burgomaſter of Aix la Chapelle, Kahr, who governed that town with oriental deſpotiſm.

This quarrel was highly detrimental to the town, and to the Elector Palatine; but, at the ſame time, highly profitable to Kahr, whoſe office it was to protect the rights of the town, as well as to thoſe perſons who were deputed to defend the claims of the Elector: the latter kept a Pharaoh bank, the plunder of which had before enriched the town; and the former, Kahr, under pretence of defending their cauſe, embezzled the money of the people: ſo that both parties, inſtead of wiſhing to end, endeavoured, with all

all their power, to prolong the litigation.

It vexed me to the heart to ſee their proceedings. Thoſe who ſuffered, on each ſide, were deceived; and I conceived the vain project of expoſing the truth, and obliging theſe diſhoneſt agents to an accommodation. For this purpoſe I journeyed to the electoral court, at Manheim, related the facts to the Elector, produced a plan of accommodation, which he approved, and obtained full powers to act as arbitrator. The miniſter of the Elector, Bekkers, pretended highly to approve my honeſt zeal, conducted me himſelf to an audience, made me dine at his houſe, took me to the opera, ſaid a commiſſion was made out for my ſon, and forwarded to Aix la Chapelle, which was a falſity, and, the

moment he quitted me, ſent poſt to Aix la Chapelle, thereby to fruſtrate the very attempt he pretended ſo much to applaud. He was, himſelf, in league with the parties. In fine, this honeſt, but ſilly, interference in what did not concern me, brought me only trouble, expence, and chagrin. I made five ineffectual journies to Manheim, till at length I became ſo diſſatisfied that I determined to quit Aix la Chapelle, and purchaſe an eſtate in Auſtria, where I might live in philoſophic eaſe, and purſue the innocent avocations of agriculture.

The Bavarian conteſt was at this time in agitation: my own affairs brought me to Paris, and here I learned particular intelligence of great conſequence: this I communicated to the Great Duke of Florence, on my return to Vienna.

The

The Duke departed to join the army in Bohemia, and I had occaſion again to write to him, and, from the importance of the ſubject, thought it my duty to ſend a courier, at my own expence. The Duke ſhewed my letter to the Emperor; my intelligence was received, but I myſelf remained unnoticed.

I did not think myſelf very ſafe, in foreign countries, during the time of war, and therefore purchaſed the lordſhip of Zwerbach, with appurtenances, which, with the concomitant expences, coſt me ſixty thouſand florins. This lordſhip was in a ruinous condition, and was to be reſtored by my money and induſtry.

To conclude this purchaſe, I was obliged, at great expence, to ſolicit, during eleven months, the referendary, Zetto, whoſe preſent habitation is the houſe of correction, and his good

friend whom he had appointed as my curator, and my new eſtate was, likewiſe, made a *Fidei commiſſum*, for my kind referendaries and curators would not let me eſcape contribution. The ſix thouſand florins, however, of which, in one year, they exonerated my purſe, would have done my family much ſervice.

In May, 1780, I went to Aix la Chapelle, where my wife's mother died, in July, and, in September, my wife, myſelf, and family, all came to Vienna.

My wife ſolicited the miſtreſs of the ceremonies, to obtain an audience. Her requeſt was granted; and ſhe had the good fortune to gain the entire approbation and favour of the Empreſs. Her kindneſs was beyond expreſſion: ſhe, herſelf, introduced my wife to the Arch-Dutcheſs, as an example for

women,

women, and commanded her grand miſtreſs of the ceremonies to preſent her every where. "You were "unwilling," ſaid ſhe, "to accom-"pany your huſband into my coun-"try, but I hope to convince you that "you may live happier in Auſtria, "than at Aix la Chapelle." She ſaid many other things equally kind.

She next day ſent me her decree, aſſuring me of a penſion of four hundred florins, adding this ſhould not be all ſhe would do for me.

My wife petitioned the Empreſs to grant me an audience; her requeſt was complied with, and the Empreſs ſaid to me, "This is the third time in which "I would have made your fortune, "had you been ſo diſpoſed." The audience laſted long; her diſcourſe was that of a matron. She deſired to ſee my children, adding, "So ex-"cellent a mother muſt have brought

"you

"you charming children." She then ſpoke of my writings. "How "much good might you do," ſaid ſhe, "would you but write in the "cauſe of religion!"

The proſpect now ſeemed to brighten, and a happy futurity to approach. My wife received more honour and attention, while ſhe remained at Vienna, than many of the firſt ladies of the city.

We departed for Zwerbach, where we lived contentedly, but, when about to return to Vienna, and ſolicit the reſtitution of a part of my loſt fortune during this momentary ſunſhine of the court, the great Tereſa died, and all my hopes were overcaſt.

I forgot to relate that, after my favourable audience, the Arch-Dutcheſs, Maria Anna, ſpoke to me in the name of the Empreſs, and deſired

fired me to tranſlate a religious work, written in French, by the Abbé Baudrand, into German. I replied, I ſhould have little ſucceſs in tranſlation, but that I would obey her majeſty's commands. I began my work, took paſſages from Baudrand, but inſerted more of my own, though the cenſor was leſs faſtidious in the examination of what was intitled a tranſlation. The firſt volume was finiſhed in ſix weeks; the Empreſs thought it admirable. The ſecond ſoon followed, and I preſented this myſelf. She aſked me if it equalled the firſt: I anſwered, I hoped it would be found more excellent. "No," ſaid ſhe, "I never in my life "read a better book;" and added, ſhe much wondered how I could write ſo well and ſo quick. I promiſed another volume within a month.

Before the third was ready, Te-

reſa

reſa died, and my expectations deſcended with her to the grave. She continually gave orders, on her death bed, to have the writings of Baron Trenck read to her; and, though her confeſſor well knew the injuſtice that had been done me, and all I had loſt, yet, in theſe her laſt moments, when he had the moſt favourable of all opportunities, he kept a daſtardly ſilence, though he had given me his ſacred promiſe to ſpeak in my behalf.

The cenſor permitted me, after her death, and the Arch-Dutcheſs even commanded that I ſhould print what I have here ſtated in the preface to that third volume, and this was my only ſatisfaction.

Untoward, indeed, has ever been my fate. For one and thirty years had I been ſoliciting my right, which I never could obtain, becauſe the

Empreſs

Empreſs was deceived by wicked men, and believed me an arch-heretic. In the thirty-ſecond, my wife had the good fortune to convince her this was falſe; ſhe had determined to make me reſtitution, and my children fortunate, and juſt at this moment ſhe died.

Oh Fortune, how doſt thou ſport with the paſſions of men! Yet, was it not ſo much the fault of fortune, as of myſelf. I was at length humble enough to accept juſtice as a favour, but then it was too late. My heart was conſcious of not needing favour or forgiveneſs, for I had never done ill, therefore did I continue unfortunate; I choſe the narrow path of innocence, my enemies the open field of vice. Their ſtation was the ſtrongeſt, and they have kept poſſeſſion. All conteſt is now paſt, I am too old, and need reſt.

For

For my children's ſake have I written this hiſtory, have told theſe open truths, which, perhaps, may draw down new perſecution on my head. The friends of innocence will be their friends. I have taught them to live ſatisfied, in this world, with what is neceſſary, and without what is ſuperfluous. Be this their inheritance, inſtead of their great Sclavonian eſtates; for the reſt, I leave it to God, and that good fame in which their forefathers have always lived.

The penſion granted my wife, by the Empreſs, in conſequence of my misfortunes, and our numerous family, we only enjoyed nine months.

This ſhe was deprived of by the new monarch, who ſuppreſſed that, and various other penſions, as burthenſome to the ſtate. He, perhaps, knew nothing of the affair, as I never

ſoli-

ſolicited. Yet, much has it grieved me. Perhaps I may find relief when the ſighs wrung from me ſhall reach the heart of the father of his people, in this my laſt writing. At preſent, nothing for me remains, but to live, unknown, and buried, in Zwerbach.

After the death of the Empreſs, that I might fulfil every duty to my family, I wrote to the Emperor, deſirous to be fully informed of what I had to hope. This was my memorial.

" Moſt Gracious Emperor,

" In a work printed at Aix la " Chapelle, in 1772, the moſt eſſen- " tial parts of which I had the ho- " nour to preſent to you, in 1765, in " manuſcript, is the following paſ- " ſage :

" ' All oppreſſed ſubjects ought, at ' ſtated

'ſtated hours, to have acceſs to the 'throne; thoſe who ſhould prefer 'falſe complaints, ſeek to deceive, or 'obtain favours unmerited, ought 'to be made public examples, and 'ſtand mutilated in the pillory.'

"I, moſt gracious Sovereign, am "the firſt who will pronounce judg-"ment on myſelf, if I am not able "to prove I have been moſt un-"juſtly oppreſſed under the reign "of the great Maria Tereſa, and "deprived of an immenſe property "by unjuſt judges, and men in "power: I, therefore, humbly pray "a judge may be appointed, before "whom I may be permitted to pro-"duce my proofs.

"I am,
"Gracious Monarch,
"Your ever faithful ſubject,
"TRENCK."

In

In vain did I hope an anſwer: my petition remained unnoticed, unregarded.

The Emperor thought proper to collect the legacies, and monies, beſtowed on hoſpitals, into one fund. The ſyſtem was wiſe and good. My couſin Trenck, as I have before ſaid, had bequeathed thirty-ſix thouſand florins to a hoſpital for the poor of Bavaria, who had been ruined by him, and his pandours. This I ſhewed he had no right to do, having deducted the ſum from the family eſtates; I, therefore, petitioned the Emperor that theſe thirty ſix thouſand florins might be reſtored, as by right they ought, to me and my children, who were the people whom Trenck had indeed made poor, nothing of the property of his acquiring having been left to pay this legacy, but, on the contrary,

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the money having been violently exacted from mine.

Alas! The memorial came before thoſe who were ill informed of the truth, or deemed the enquiry too laborious. In a few days it was determined I ſhould be anſwered in the ſame tone in which, for ſix and thirty years paſt, all my petitions and remonſtrances had been anſwered:

THE REQUEST OF THE PETITIONER CANNOT BE GRANTED.

Fortune, my irreconcileable enemy, perſecuted me even in my retreat. Within ſix years, two deſtructive hailſtorms ſwept away my crops; one year was a miſgrowth; there were ſeven floods; a rot among my ſheep; all poſſible calamities befel me, and my manor.

The eſtate had been totally ruined,

the

the ponds were to drain, the manſion-houſe to repair, three farms were to be put into a proper condition, and the whole new ſtocked. This rendered me poor, eſpecially as my wife's fortune had been ſunken it law-ſuits at Aix la Chapelle and Cologne.

The unfortunate, miſerable peaſants had nothing, therefore, nothing could pay; I, on the contrary, was obliged to advance them money. My ſons aſſiſted me; and we laboured with our own hands: my wife, accuſtomed to the affluence of the great world, anxious to fulfil the duties of a mother, and an excellent woman, took care of eight children, without ſo much as the help of a maid. We lived in poverty and wretchedneſs, obliged to earn our daily bread by the ſweat of the brow; and, had the Emperor, by chance,

amid his peregrinations, visited Zwerbach, he would have beheld the abode of industry and virtue, exerting themselves to fulfil all the duties of man, and our sufferings had certainly been less severe.

Enough: I have aided myself. The monarch, who oppressed, never beheld me crouching to his power. I have deserved a fate more favourable; I avoided a place where men are not actuated by the love of men, and hid myself in my Zwerbach: I sighed, said nothing, wrote much, feared no man, and rather desired to seek the world's utmost boundaries, than live a witness of certain scenes.

The greatest of all my misfortunes was my treatment in the military court, where Zetto and Krügel were my referendaries. Zetto had clogged me with a curator, and, when the

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cow had no more milk to give, they then began to torture me with deputations, ſequeſtrations, adminiſtrations, and executions. Nineteen times was I obliged, perſonally, to attend in Vienna within two years, and to travel fourteen poſts each time at my own expence. This alone ate up my income. Every ſix years muſt I pay an attorney to diſpute, wrangle, and quarrel, in my behalf, with the curator. Their mutual ſquabbles filled huge rolls of writing, for all of which I, in the concluſion, was obliged to pay. If any affair was to be expedited, I, by a third hand, was obliged to ſend the referendary ſome excellent ducats. Did he give judgment ſtill that judgment lay fourteen months inefficient, and, when it then appeared, the copy was falſe, and ſo was ſent to the upper courts, the high refer-

endary of which ſaid "I muſt be "diſlodged from Zwerbach."

True it is, no ſuch ſentence was ever inſerted in their proceedings, and, probably, he in turn may be diſlodged himſelf from the ſeat of judgment, and once more become the companion of the honourable Zetto, in the houſe of correction. So ſhall his power be loſt, to diſlodge, to baniſh, worthy citizens from the territories of Auſtria.

They obliged me at laſt to purchaſe my naturalization. I ſent to Pruſſia for my pedigree, where the family had been known four hundred years; the atteſtation of this was ſent me by Count Hertzberg. Although the family of Trenck had a hundred years been land-holders in Hungary, yet was my attorney, by order of the court, obliged to ſolicit the inſtrument called ritter-diploma, for

which, under pain of execution, I muſt pay two thouſand florins. Thus are men treated in Vienna, and this treatment I, certainly, ſhall not ſoon forget.

By decree, a Pruſſian nobleman, is not noble in Auſtria! In Auſtria! Where every lackey, every worthleſs fellow, can purchaſe a diploma, making him a knight of the empire, for twelve hundred wretched florins! Where money is the only merit neceſſary for acquiring the title of Count! Where ſuch men as P— and Graſſalkowitz have purchaſed the dignity of PRINCE!

I am, at length, ſuffered to be at reſt. They, by whom I was perſecuted, inſtead of cleanſing courts of juſtice, cleanſe the ſtreets. They may, perhaps, ſoon have company.

Tortured by courts, terrified by hail-ſtorms, I determined to dread

them no more, determined to depend on the productions of my pen, and to publiſh a collection of my works in eight volumes, and this hiſtory of my life.

Fourteen months accompliſhed this purpoſe. My labours found a favourable reception through all Germany, procured me money, eſteem, and honour, and I will now no more ſtruggle through my few remaining years under the burthen of law-ſuits, curators, referendaries, attornies, courts of juſtice, and the unworthy in authority. I will live as if I never had poſſeſſed any property on this poor earth but what is included within my own head. By my writings only will I ſeek the means of exiſtence; by my writings only endeavour to obtain the approbation and the love of men.

For this I need not be of any coun-

country, want no title, no protection, no court favour, no lordships, no particular place of abode, no uniform, no *Fidei commiſſ-curator!* I am a free burger of the world, dependent on no earthly prince; and to my children I will leave my literary property. This nothing can confiſcate.

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On the 22d of Auguſt, 1786, the news arrived that Frederic the Great had left this world!

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The preſent reigning monarch, the beſt among the friends of men, the witneſs of my ſufferings in my native country, immediately ſent me a royal paſſport for Berlin. The confiſcation of my eſtates was annulled, and my deceaſed brother, in Pruſſia, had left my children his heirs!

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I journey, with the imperial permiſſion, back to my country, which I have been two and forty years expelled! I journey — not as a pardoned malefactor, but as a man whoſe innocence has been eſtabliſhed by the whole tenor of his actions, has been proved in his writings, and who is journeying to receive his reward!

Here I ſhall once more encounter my old friends, my relations, and thoſe who have known me in the day of my affliction. Here ſhall I appear, not as my country's Traitor, but, as my country's Martyr! The Martyr of Virtue!

What is the expanſion of my ſoul at obtaining that for which I ſo long have laboured! What my joy at the proſpect of futurity, at the victory which fortitude, honour, and truth, unſhaken, have won! I

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imagined my end would have been, what my life was—tragical! But a different ſcene opens to my view. Of this reſplendent ſcene again ſhall I appear one, and now have I to prove I am the very man I have ſo often aſſerted myſelf to be, in this my hiſtory. Yet is it a great undertaking for a grey head, become grey in its conteſts with misfortune, and requiring retirement and reſt. Slumbering ambition, lulled by philoſophy, again is rouſed, animates and inſpires my ſoul, prompting me to ſeek that reward for others which, once, I ſought for myſelf. To them I leave my name and rights; to them whom, not requiring their conſent, I called into exiſtence; who, from the example of their father, contemplating the paſt, might imagine this nether world only the hell of man, and that they muſt

firſt expect the rewards of virtue beyond the grave, had they not learned, from my example, alſo, to expect better of futurity. Yes, for my eight children will I ſtill live; them will I conduct into thoſe paths of honour in which I was, myſelf, conducted by my anceſtors: paths to me ſo gloomy, yet ſo glorious.

Safe am I arrived in haven, a weather-beaten, but experienced, ſhipman, enabled to indicate the hidden rocks and quickſands of this life's perturbed ſhores; often have I ſtruck, often been wrecked, but never foundered.

Poſſible, though little probable, are ſtill future ſtorms. For theſe, alſo, am I prepared. Long had I reaſon daily to curſe the riſing ſun, and, ſetting, to behold it with horror. Death to me appears the greateſt benefit; a certain paſſage

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from agitation to peace, from motion to reſt. I fear not the terrific dreams of futurity. My children, however, jocund in youth, delight in preſent exiſtence. When I have fulfilled the duties of a father, then may I voluntarily ceaſe to live; nor is it impoſſible but a remarkable ſupplement may follow, of the ſtrange viciſſitudes of this my life, in which I may ſpeak more openly of things I have been, in prudence, obliged partly to conceal.

Thou, oh God! my righteous judge, didſt ordain that I ſhould be, that I might remain, an example of ſuffering to the world; thou madeſt me what I am, gaveſt me theſe ſtrong paſſions, theſe quick nerves, this univerſal glow, this thrilling of the blood, when I behold injuſtice. Strong was my mind, that deeply it might meditate on deep ſubjects;

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ſtrong my memory, that theſe meditations I might retain; ſtrong my body, that proudly it might ſupport all it has pleaſed thee to inflict.

Could I believe, with St. Paul, there are, indeed, veſſels of wrath fitted for deſtruction, then might I affirm that, to ſuch, this world were a hell. But not ſo: with the eyes of philoſophy I contemplate the good God, who, himſelf, is void of wrath, revenge, or the poor paſſions by which his poor creatures are tortured. Him have I to thank for enabling me to encounter and to conquer a hoſt of troubles, and leaving me ſtill in being to reap the fruit of my victories.

Should I continue to exiſt, ſhould identity go with me, and I ſhould know what I was, then, when I was called Trenck; when that combination of particles, which Nature commanded

manded ſhould compoſe this body, ſhall be decompoſed, ſcattered, or in other bodies united; when I have no muſcles to act, no brain to think, no retina on which pictures can mechanically be painted, my eyes waſted, and no tongue remaining to pronounce the Creator's name, ſhould I ſtill behold a Creator; then, oh then, will my ſpirit mount, and indubitably aſſociate with the ſpirits of the juſt, that expectant wait their golden harps, and glorious crowns, from the moſt high God——For human weakneſſes, human feelings, ariſing from our nature, ſpringing from our temperament, which the Creator has ordained ſhall be even thus, and no otherwiſe; for theſe have I ſuffered enough on earth; for theſe can I have nothing to fear, beyond the grave, from a juſt God, who made me man, and not angel,

and

and ſtationed me in that world in which his own hand had mingled good and evil.

Such is my confeſſion of faith: in this have I lived, in this will I die. The duties of a man, and of a Chriſtian, I have fulfilled; nay, often have exceeded, often have been too benevolent, too generous; perhaps, alſo, too proud, too vain; I could not bend, although liable to be broken. Many a ſleepleſs night has a noble thirſt of knowledge made me paſs. Exiſtence was given man to be employed — I ſhall have ſleep enough in eternal night.

That I have not ſerved the world, in acts and employments where beſt I might, is, perhaps, my own fault; the fault of my manner, which is now too radical to be corrected, in this my ſixtieth year. — Yes, I acknowledge my failing, ac-

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knowledge it unblushingly; nay, glory in the pride of a noble nature. Joy shall spring up and quicken in my heart, when my example, the instructions I give to youth, shall teach them, idle and thoughtless as they often are, virtue and wisdom, and thus ensure their happiness. Joy shall make my white locks again youthful, when grey beards shall learn, from me, to think and act more honourably, and to die tranquilly. Joy shall again enlighten my soul, when the deceitful shall become honest; the idle industrious; the ignorant learned; the slave a free man; and the man of sin, upright, just, and benevolent.

For myself, I ask nothing of those who, having read my history, shall become my friends, for nothing I need; but to them do I commit my wife and children. My eldest son

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is a lieutenant in the Tuſcany regiment of cavalry, under General Laſcy, and does honour to his father's principles. The ſecond ſerves his preſent Pruſſian majeſty, as enſign in the Poſadowſky dragoons, with equal promiſe. The third is ſtill a child.—My daughters will make worthy men happy, for virtue and gentleneſs have they imbibed with their mother's milk. Monarchs may hereafter remember what I have ſuffered, what I have loſt, and what is due to my aſhes. With this reflection I calmly quit the world.

Here do I publicly declare——I will ſeek no other revenge againſt my enemies than that of deſpiſing their evil deeds. It is my wiſh, and ſhall be my endeavour, difficult as is the taſk, to forget the paſt, and, having committed no offence, neither will I ſolicit monarchs for fa-

vour and posts of honour, but, as I have lived a free man, a free man will I die.

Let the wise and benevolent reader grant me compassion, and, by my example, avoid much of that misery in which too much rashness, or too little caution, has involved me.

He, whose untimely ambition impels him to undertakings beyond his strength; he, who concerns himself with affairs not properly his own; he, who erects himself into a reformer of this world's abuses, will be the martyr of virtue, or, perhaps, the dupe of folly, and, after having lived persecuted, may even have the fortune to die despised.

I conclude this my history on the evening preceding my journey to Berlin: now, when I take leave of my beloved wife and children. Grant, oh God, that for them I may journey! God

grant

grant I may encounter no new afflictions, to be inserted in the third volume of this tragical history.—— Higher and better be my hopes.

Dated at the Caſtle of Zwerbach,
December 18th, 1786.

TRENCK.

END OF VOL. II.